

WHOLE NO 1784

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.
ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, 100 S. Commercial, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor over Russell's Jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.
UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Joe. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

PHYSICIANS:
DR. W. H. KIKLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.
A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.
RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Trenching Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corna, Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Black Smith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, Manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufactures of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.
D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832 Forwarding and Commission Merchants and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce, warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.
C. F. VON KANDEL, East Side Jewelry Store, East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.



No Mistake.

Never in Dry Goods history could so much be bought for so little money as Now and Here!

Wholesale trade for Wash Goods is practically over, and our entire wholesale stock is to be cleared through the retail, every case or half case of these styles, handkerchiefs, white P. K's in choice styles, Cheviots, Plisses, Ducks, Satines, Madras, Singhams, Novelities, and fine handkerchiefs, woven (not printed), large Crinkled Gingham to be cleared at low prices. 5c. and 7 1/2c. a yard.

100 pieces assorted French Jacquards Brilliant and imported fine Union Linen Lawns, all 10c. a yard.

Lot fine, all pure Linen Lawns, beautiful, choice goods. 25c. a yard. New York Linen Stores ask 35c to 45c. for them and never reduce them, as they're staple goods. Our way is to carry nothing over even though we lose on it, make way with surplus stock in order to show entirely new lines another season.

Over 200 pieces best and finest Imported Dimities, new, fresh goods, bought to sell 15c. a yard.

50 pieces beautiful, white ground, fine Organdies, an under-price purchase we're selling at 20c. a yard. Finest French Organdies, 25c. & 30c. and they're selling faster than May or June. They're latest Paris printings, and the handsome Organdies ever submitted even at much higher price.

Lot of Imported Plaids with solid silk bars half inch wide in them, beautiful colors, 1 1/2 yards, double width, 40 inches wide, thrown away as to price at 35c. a yard.

Large assortment 50c. and 75c. imported Dress Goods and Suitings to go at 25c. and 35c. a yard.

Large sized assortments of \$1.00 and \$1.25 Suitings at 50c. a yard.

Lot all wool Black Serge and Batistes, 36 inches wide. 25c. a yard.

If you can't come in person, write our Mail Order Department for samples you'll send for the goods, and be paid for the sending.

BOGGS & BUELL
ALLEGHENY, PA.

250 Building Lots

in the city of Massillon,

For Sale at \$85.00 a Lot.

Splendidly located on Richville Avenue, at Kent street and Russell street, both sides of the avenue. Will be sold only in one parcel for half cash, balance secured. Consists of nearly thirty acres and allows for 5 lots to the acre with liberal margin for streets.

J. H. BUNNELL.

76 Cortlandt Street, New York.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also his bladder was affected. He tried many so-called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began the use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c for large bottle. At Z. T. Balty's drug store.

HORR-HARVEY DEBATE.

Harvey Happy Over Proving 40 Years' Silver Coinage.

HORR ATTACKS HARVEY'S BOOK.

He Calls Attention to What He Calls Misleading Statements—Harvey Makes a Defense and Discusses Credit and Redemption Money—Other Points Debated.

CHICAGO, July 24.—The seating capacity of the rooms of the Illinois club was all taken up when the Horrr-Harvey debate opened. While the size of the rooms does not permit a large audience, the officers of the club are compelled every day to refuse many applications for seats.

The day's talk was opened by Mr. Harvey. He said that the debate of the last session was of value as showing that during the past 40 years silver had been steadily coined in spite of the assertion to the contrary; that by the table copied from the reports of the mint the commercial ratio between gold and silver had been maintained at about the French coinage ratio of 15 1/2 to 1 for 200 years; as the result of demonetization, the commercial ratio had declined to 32 to 1; that in the 338 years prior to 1873 the quantity ratio between gold and silver had ranged from 56 of silver to one of gold, to four of silver to one of gold, and that during all that time the commercial ratio had clung closely to the legal ratio. During all that time the commercial price of silver bullion had remained steady. Since 1873 it had steadily and rapidly decreased. It was the dominating influence of London on exchange to all parts of the world which led to gold being recognized by the world as the standard in all commercial transactions.

Mr. Horrr in his opening remarks proceeded to call attention to what he called misleading statements in Mr. Harvey's book. For instance he declared to be untrue the statement that it was believed that the cost of producing all of the gold in the world was about \$2 per ounce, while some put it much higher. Mr. Horrr pointed out that there had been a vastly increased production at greatly reduced prices. At the cost which Mr. Harvey spoke of the silver miners in three years would have lost over \$100,000,000.

Again, Mr. Harvey had put the aggregate amount of silver in the world at about \$5,000,000,000. It was estimated that there was about \$6,000,000,000. Mr. Harvey had said that the debts of the United States amounted to \$40,000,000,000. That was an absurdity. The statement of the amount of interest which the United States paid annually to Europe was also untrue.

Mr. Harvey said that the amount of silver referred to by him in his book was the amount available for coinage. He then distributed a table showing the production of gold and silver from 1792 to 1892, and proceeded to argue that, in spite of the wide relative fluctuations in production, there had been no fluctuations in relative value till after the demonetization act in 1873. He then proceeded to argue that, except in the legal ratio of weight, there should be no difference in the treatment of silver and gold. He said that the government was the creator of money, and had the right to regulate the thing created to the extent of fixing relative ratios, but it had no right to take from the legal tender quality of any money created.

Mr. Horrr continued his objections to Mr. Harvey's statements in his book. He took up the supposition that the government wanted 100,000 horses. Its competition would increase the value of horses; that is free coinage of silver would increase the value of the bullion. Mr. Horrr said that all the government did to silver was to put a stamp on the bullion and return it to the owner. Suppose the government should merely call for 100,000 horses for the purpose of affixing a brand to them, and having done so, should return them to the owner, would that increase the value of the horses of the country? The horse argument, Mr. Horrr declared, was a fraud.

The speaker then took up the matter of the elements which govern the price of wheat, arguing that Mr. Harvey's deductions were fallacious. Mr. Horrr said that this government had fixed the price of gold and all the friends of silver wanted was for it to fix the price of silver, in the belief that the nation could better keep out of the hands of the pawbroker with two metals than one.

Returning to his argument on bimetallism, Mr. Harvey said that the option of the debtor to pay in the cheaper metal should not be impaired. If it would always maintain a parity, if the creditor were given the option of the money in which he should be paid, he would demand the dearer money, thereby increasing the demand for that metal and decreasing the other, thereby widening instead of narrowing the disparity.

Replying Mr. Horrr took up the question of farm tenancy, whose growth Mr. Harvey, at an early stage of the debate, had adverted to as a bad sign in our national life. Mr. Horrr quoted from statistics showing the steady evolution of the tenant into the land owner, and from other statistics showing that the increase in the number of tenants had been accompanied by a decrease in the number of farm day laborers. The increase in tenancy had not been at the expense of farm owners, but at that of day laborers.

from the question in debate, because he had several times declared that if the mints of the world would give free and unlimited coinage to silver on a certain ratio it could be maintained. Mr. Horrr said that was not the question to be considered at all, "but whether, after the entire civilized world has agreed to use silver as money of final redemption and still refuses to use it, can the United States, singlehanded and alone, afford to put itself up on a silver basis and join Mexico, Chili and Uruguay on this subject." He then exhibited the table of the product of gold and silver since 1873, taken from Mr. Harvey's book, and added to it the mint reports of the product of 1893 and 1894. This table showed, Mr. Horrr declared, that since 1873 the production of silver has been steadily on the increase, and that gold has, since 1873, been also on the increase, but while silver had increased in quantity three times during that period gold had only doubled in quantity.

Mr. Harvey took up the discussion of primary money as a measure of values. In 1867, he declared, all the money in circulation was \$18.25 per capita, and in 1872 it was \$19.19 per capita, and in these times all money was primary money, the measure of values being paper itself. In 1894 we had a per capita circulation of \$24.23.

Mr. Horrr said Mr. Harvey's definition of primary money was that of redemption. Greenbacks had to be redeemed to make them good, and they could not be any hook or crook be considered into primary money. Mr. Harvey denied that Mr. Horrr was justified in intimating that he was a greenbacker, and said that he believed in gold and silver as primary money to the fullest extent under the bimetallic laws that governed it prior to 1873. He then went back to credit and redemption money, and declared that credit money may be issued by the government with any safety, only in such quantity as will not embarrass it in redemption. If the government requires redemption it can do so among its own people to the full amount necessary to obtain what primary money it needs. No government should ever borrow from the people of another nation. To do so was a confession of monetary weakness.

A DYING GIRL'S CHARGE.

She Accuses a Prominent Bradford Man With Assaulting Her.

BRADFORD, Pa., July 24.—A pretty young girl named Nora Walker, aged 15, has died at the Bradford hospital. Nora's mother demanded that an inquest be held. A jury was impaneled and the remains of the girl were reviewed and the statement of the mother taken. She testified that her daughter had revealed the cause of her trouble on her deathbed.

Nora said that while employed as a domestic in a private family in this city, the man of the house entered her chamber while she was asleep and outraged her, which resulted in peritonitis and caused her death. The affair has caused a sensation. The party accused is a well-known citizen, and a husband and father. A post mortem will be held.

Settlers Else From the Indians.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., July 24.—Governor Richards has received a message from Adjutant General Stitzer, who is in the Jackson Hole region investigating the Indian trouble, indicating that a serious state of affairs exists there. The settlers have abandoned their crops and are moving their families out of the country. Indians from Fort Hall and other reservations are reported going into the country, and all the mountain passes are in their control.

Quoted by the A. P. A.

OMAHA, July 24.—As a result of the dissatisfaction of the A. P. A. board of education with Superintendent Marble of the city schools, he has been deposed, and Frank B. Cooper superintendent of the Des Moines city schools elected in his place. Superintendent Marble had refused to permit the A. P. A. or any other element to dictate the management and the fight on him by the A. P. A. resulted.

The Princeton Students Are Right.

NEW YORK, July 24.—Mr. B. Forsyth Little, father of B. Forsyth Little, Jr., one of the party of Princeton students now in Wyoming, has received the following dispatch from Captain A. S. Anderson, United States army, in command of the troops in Yellowstone park: "Princeton party all right, no trouble and everybody here and perfectly well."

Gives Me to Dog, Which Died.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 24.—James Hays had attempted to poison his wife with arsenic, but she had taken it for him. Hays is a laborer, and carries his dinner with him. He states that he was suspicious of a pie that was placed in his lunch basket, and he concluded to try it on a dog. The dog ate the pie and died in a half hour. A warrant has been issued for Mrs. Hays' arrest.

Germany Enforces Payment.

TAGHER, July 24.—The German consul at this port has been paid the sum of \$50,000 as indemnity upon the part of Morocco for the murder of a German trader, named Rookers. Four German warships have been here for some time past, supporting the demands of the German consul in this matter.

Tried to Murder His Family.

CHICAGO, July 24.—John Olson, a carpenter, has been arrested here charged with attempting to murder his wife and two daughters by poisoning their coffee. It is said he wants to marry another woman.

CAMPOS IS MISSING.

Nothing Heard of the Spanish General Since July 17.

GOMEZ HAS OUTGENERATED HIM.

The Rebel Leader has Raised the Revolt All Over Cuba, and Has Scattered the Spanish Forces—New Expedition Formed in New York.

HAVANA, July 24.—Since the news of the death of General Santocildes, on July 17, the authorities have had no news of Captain General Martinez de Campos, despite repeated inquiries to Santiago de Cuba and other points. The government fears that there is a general uprising in the province of Matanzas, which has been in a restless condition.

The defeat of the Spanish troops when General Santocildes was killed has given an impetus to the revolution, especially in the province of Santiago de Cuba, where the iron miners have joined the rebels. At every turn Gomez has outgeneralized Campos. Gomez has raised the revolt all over the land, forcing Campos to scatter his soldiers over a wide area. If Spain wishes to quell the rebellion she must prepare for a prolonged occupation of the island by a large force of troops.

A New York special says it is an open secret in Cuban revolutionary circles that preparations are being made to send an expedition to Cuba at the earliest opportunity. It is generally understood that within the past day or two a suitable vessel has been selected and purchased by a committee. The leaders of the movement in this city decline to discuss the subject. But the Cuban patriots who are not identified with the party as leaders have all heard of the purchase. The vessel is, according to reports, an iron steamer with a power of 15 knots an hour. Neither the name of the vessel, nor the port at which she is now lying, can be ascertained.

HURLED INTO THE AIR.

Three Men Killed by Dynamite Near Chicago—One Injured.

CHICAGO, July 24.—Three men have been instantly killed and a fourth badly injured by a premature explosion of dynamite on the Chicago canal, near Willow Springs. The dead are: William J. Marquette, Mich.; Thomas Soaker of Chicago; Joseph Smith residence unknown. The injured: Matthew Healy, severe scalp wound. Kelley, Soaker and Smith were preparing a blast and were pressing the dynamite into the hole, when suddenly the blast which was almost completed went off. All three men came down fully high in the air, and came down fully 200 yards from the scene of the explosion. All three were mangled in a most horrible manner.

A Telegraph Line to Alaska.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 14.—It is reported that the Western Union Telegraph company is making arrangements to take possession of the old telegraph line extending through British Columbia, started 50 years ago to run to the pole by Behring sea and Siberia. It is proposed to put Alaska in touch with the great world from which it is now isolated.

Negro Strung Up by Whites.

GALLIEN, O., July 24.—David Atkins, colored, has been strung up by white men, and would have died if some woman had not cut him down. There was a general riot, and revolvers and knives were brought into play. Later in the night the houses of several residents were rocked.

Boston Carpenters Will Make a Demand.

BOSTON, July 24.—It is officially announced this morning that the union carpenters of Boston will demand on and after Sept. 1 eight hours as a limit of a day's work, and an increase of 2 1/2 cents an hour in wage rates. The present rate is 50 cents an hour.

YESTERDAY'S LEAGUE GAMES.

At Pittsburgh.	At Chicago.	At St. Louis.	At Cincinnati.	At Cleveland.	At Washington.	At Baltimore.	At New York.	At Boston.	At Philadelphia.
Pittsburgh, 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-5 9 0	Chicago, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1 1 2	St. Louis, 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 1-8 12 6	Cincinnati, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-3 8 6	Cleveland, 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1-8 12 6	Washington, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 0 0	Baltimore, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 0 0	New York, 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-6 12 4	Boston, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 0 0	Philadelphia, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 0 0
Batteries—Morris and Hart; Robinson and Roder. Umpire—Keele. Attendance, 1,700.	Batteries—Kerridge and Griffith; Grim, Danb and Stein. Umpire—Jenne and Burnham. Attendance, 1,800.	Batteries—Miller and Soley; Ryan and Dolan. Umpire—Galvin. Attendance, 800.	Batteries—Murphy, Parrott and Phillips; Farrell and Clark. Umpire—Eustice and O'Day. Attendance, 3,300.	Batteries—Zimmer, Wallace and Cuddy; McGuffee and Anderson. Umpire—Murray. Attendance, 2,400.	Batteries—Zimmer, Wills and Young; McGuire and Moore. Umpire—Murray. Attendance, 2,800.	Batteries—Zimmer, Wills and Young; McGuire and Moore. Umpire—Murray. Attendance, 2,800.	Batteries—Zimmer, Wills and Young; McGuire and Moore. Umpire—Murray. Attendance, 2,800.	Batteries—Zimmer, Wills and Young; McGuire and Moore. Umpire—Murray. Attendance, 2,800.	Batteries—Zimmer, Wills and Young; McGuire and Moore. Umpire—Murray. Attendance, 2,800.

SMALL OHIO HAPPENINGS.

Clark Higgins' restaurant at Nelsonville was robbed.

An empty wheel burst at the Frey Sheckel company shops at Bucyrus, inflicting permanent injuries to S. L. Davis.

Frank Lantman and George Watkins, representing Pennsylvania capitalists, are securing oil and gas leases on large tracts of land on Fear Creek, Scioto county.

Johnny McLeod of London had his right leg broken near the ankle in a saloon. He was tripped by Thomas Kaveny.

David Snyder, a Tiffin drayman, aged 30 years, fell off his dray, which was heavily loaded, and the rear wheel crushed him. He will die.

At Lancaster George Slough dismissed the action brought against Attorney John M. Wright, two weeks ago, for the alleged illegal recommendation and collection of fees for services in the higher courts.

John E. Leased a flour mill from Daniel Stewart, at Athens, and had to make repairs that cost him about \$3,000. He used Stewart for that amount and got a judgment for \$2,719.91. Stewart has appealed to the supreme court.

Mrs. Matthew McCabe, wife of a Columbus railroad employee, attempted to commit suicide by taking poison.

Cyrus V. Smith, the crooked surveyor of Mercer county, is a prisoner in the penitentiary.

Miss Mahetia Brown of 363 Denwood avenue, Columbus, though no trace of the origin of typhoid fever in her case can be traced, she is one of the many victims of the disease in which all the symptoms of rabies are shown.

A SALOON BLOWN UP.

Batesville People In Night-clothes View the Wreck.

THEY WONT ALLOW RUNSHOPS.

A Former Saloonist Hauled His Stuff Away, Rather Than Risk the Threats Made Against Him—Another Saloon Blown Up Last Winter.

ZANESVILLE, O., July 24.—The 400 residents of Batesville clad in night-gowns and other nondescript apparel gathered at 2 o'clock in the morning to view by lantern light, the wrecked saloon building owned by Luther Stewart of Barnesville, who had employed John Depeuw to keep it.

The building and contents were completely ruined by the explosion, the shock of which broke the glass in the surrounding ones. The loss on the building and contents is about \$1,500. The sentiment of the village is very strong against saloons, and E. L. Albert, a former saloonist, became so intimidated that he hauled his stuff away. At Temperanceville, two miles distant, a saloon was blown up last winter.

ONE SIGNATURE GENUINE.

A Startling Revelation Regarding Lewis Transactions at Kenton.

KENTON, O., July 24.—Attorney Jesse M. Lewis of Urbana, who has been here for several days investigating an issue of bonds floated by Z. T. Lewis, the bond forger, has finished his work and left for home. According to the attorney's statement, duplicate Hardin county bonds to the amount of \$32,000 are known to have been issued by Forger Lewis. One of the signatures to these bonds is said to be genuine, but to the others are forgeries. There is alleged to be a large amount of duplicate bonds in this county, possibly as much as \$100,000. The news of the existence of these bonds caused a flutter in financial circles, and some people became frightened and demanded their money from the banks. The panic soon subsided, however, and everything is now quiet. There have been no arrests yet.

Attorney Lewis states that Auditor Rutledge admits that all bonds issued by him during his terms as auditor were dictated by him, he signing his name to bonds and interest coupons. Z. T. Lewis would then forge the names of the county commissioners.

Cloudbursts Do Great Damage.

BRUCE, Ash, O., July 24.—The village of Bruce has been badly damaged by a cloudburst. Cattle and sheep were drowned. Many buildings were damaged and the barn of Calvin Morris totally destroyed. At Summit in Clermont county, Stephen Johnson's barn was destroyed, also the houses of Shepherd Vales and George Chigler. Damages to crops are reported from different counties in the southern part of the state.

Will Share Profits With Employees.

COLUMBUS, July 24.—The Columbus Artificial Gas company has introduced profit sharing with the employees. Dividends will be based on the amount of their pay during the period for which the stock dividend is declared for stock holders and in the same per cent. Employees are to receive script, exchangeable for stock until their holdings amount to \$500, when it is optional whether they take cash or script.

A Wire Goods Association.

CINCINNATI, July 24.—A National Association of Wire Goods Manufacturers has been formed here. The officers have been elected. President, Fred J. Meyers of Hamilton, O.; secretary, H. H. Surham of Cincinnati. The headquarters will be at Cincinnati. A scale of prices will be fixed which will be an advance of 20 to 25 per cent. Another meeting will be held in Boston in September.

League Games Today.

Washington, D. C., July 24.—Baseball at Cleveland, Baltimore at Philadelphia, New York at Cincinnati, Philadelphia at Louisville and Boston at St. Louis.

THE FLAG MUST WAVE.

Public Building Custodians Ordered to Display the Stars and Stripes.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—Acting Secretary Wike has issued the following instructions to all custodians of United States buildings under the control of the treasury department:

"The flag of the United States shall be hoisted over all buildings under the control of the treasury department during the hours of 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Feb. 22, May 30 and July 4. From sunrise to sunset, except when stormy weather prevents its display. When either of the last three days fall on Sunday the flag is to be displayed on the day that is observed locally. On May 30, the flag should be placed at half mast. The revenue flag will be displayed over custom houses, as required by Article 1513 of the general regulations, and the customs and navigation laws."

May Bid For the Fight.

CARSON, Nev., July 24.—Carson capitalists are considering a plan of offering \$25,000 for the Corbett-Frisvold fight, if it cannot be pulled off in Texas.

Mississippi For Free Silver.

JACKSON, Miss., July 24.—By Associated Press—Half of the counties held primary elections Tuesday. Without a single exception they instructed delegates to vote for ex-Senator McLaurin for governor, and elected free silver delegates to the state convention.

McBryde on Mining.

COLUMBUS, July 24.—By Associated Press—Patrick McBryde says today that unless a concession is made at Pittsburgh before August 1st, all the Ohio miners will join the Indiana strike. He expects a general suspension next month.

The Game Too Slow.

RATON, N. M., July 24.—By Associated Press—Martinez, an escaped murderer, and his companion compelled eight men to stand still while they swept \$500 off a faro table into a sack. Both then escaped.

A Republican Tent.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 24.—By Associated Press—A tent holding twenty thousand people will be erected for the opening of the campaign, September 10.

Birthday Anniversary and Reunion.

The children and friends of Mrs. Eva Schneider, met at the pleasant home of Leonard Schneider, along the interurban line, near Reedurban, on the twenty-fourth instant, to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Eva Schneider, and also the 53rd birthday of her son Louis. About 100 relatives and friends assembled early in the day. A sumptuous dinner was served, after which a short programme was rendered, including songs and recitations. It was opened by reading of scripture and prayer by the Rev. O. W. Weber, of Massillon, followed with remarks by the Revs. Schneider, of Columbus, and Schilling, of Canal Fulton. Before adjourning a cantonment organization was effected, by electing Mr. J. N. Butler, of Jackson township, president; Mr. F. W. Albrecht, of Akron, vice president, and Miss A. C. Stockert, secretary. The organization is to be known as the "Daughters of Reunion." The place for the next meeting will be determined by the committee on arrangements. All present went home feeling that the day was very pleasantly and profitably spent.

Elton Echoes.

Mrs. Mary Thomas and daughter returned from the Forest City, last week, very much improved in health.

Jack Reese, of Indiana, formerly a resident of Sugar Creek township, was the guest of Dr. McFarren last Monday.

Miss Susie Evert has returned from two weeks' visit with her aunt in Canton.

Mr. Winkhart, of Navarre, was the guest of his cousins, the Stever boys, last week.

The measles are not wholly eradicated from our neighborhood.

Coal was reached at the new mine, Thursday, and according to a time-honored custom a dinner was given to the sinkers, Mosses, Pocock and Penman, and McGuffee and McFarren providing a delicious meal to the men and their families and invited guests. The dinner was served at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, in Olivia McFarren's woods, adjacent to the mine.

Curtis McFarren and Lee Graber returned from their school at Ada, Friday. The former will remain at home until the opening of the next term, one week from Tuesday. The latter returned Monday, July 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Wertz and Mr. and Mrs. Harold, of Dalton, were the guests of Mrs. Lena Harold on Sunday.

The Rev. Milo Kelsor, of Massillon, occupied the pulpit at McFarren's church Sunday, and gave us a very good sermon, indeed.

A cousin of Mrs. Harvey Stahl, from Akron, was her guest last week.

An Epworth League meeting of unusual interest will be held at McFarren's church Sunday night.

Master Warner is spending his vacation with his grandma Warner.

We were visited by a good rain Sunday night, accompanied by very little thunder and lightning. One quick flash struck the west side of B. P. Baughman's barn, shattering the wood and slant, knocking Mr. Baughman, who was in the upper part of the barn, over. Three years ago the barn was struck at the same side and damaged about as much.

A HERD OF CATTLE IN A MIGHTY GORGE.

Edith Sessions Tupper Relates the Facts of a Singular Occurrence—A Grand Opportunity For a Daring Cowboy—Mining Men and Sheriff—Cattle Thieves.

(Special Correspondence.)

LA HUNTA, Colo., July 16.—It was the story told by the mining engineer who had just come from the western congress at Telluride, and who had given me several strange stories about the Danites. This struck me as being one of the weirdest and most remarkable, and I will give it in his words as near as I can recollect them. "My grandfather knew John Lee, that Mormon fiend, intimately. I have often heard him describe the terrible Mountain Meadow massacre in all its sickening and revolting details. He said it was one of Lee's tenets that robbing and killing gentiles was no crime at all. It was greed that underlay all the preparations for that cruel affair. The gentiles had splendid cattle and wagons, farming utensils, etc., on which the Mormons cast envious eyes. You know the latter were very poorly equipped in this line. So, as all the world knows, the Danites murdered the helpless emigrants for the sake of their goods and chattels. I am not going to rehearse the awful story, as every one knows it, but I want to tell you a curious sequel.

"After the massacre government troops were sent out to pursue and punish these Mormon assassins. The latter learned that the avengers were on their track and fled into an isolated valley in Utah, near a stream which flows down from the Wasatch range into the Green river. It was a safe and remote retreat, rendered well nigh impregnable by the lofty mountains about them, and here they founded first a camp, then a settlement, which grew into a goodly sized town, now called Ashley. It lies near the Ute reservation, and the chief business of the place now is to furnish supplies for the Indian agency.

A Fearful Sight.

"Among these Mormon settlers was a cunning old dog named John Wyckliffe. It's a wonder the great English reformer didn't turn in his grave at the acts of his namesake. This Wyckliffe was one of Lee's staunchest followers and a devout believer in the Danite's creed that all is fish that comes from a gentile's to a Mormon's net. Over in Wyoming at Henry's Ford was a magnificent herd of cattle of which Wyckliffe thought with thiefish longing. In 1874, I think it was, he made a night descent on this herd and carried away nearly 1,000 head, the pick of the lot. The owners of the herd, well known gentile cattlemen, discovered their loss shortly and set out on the trail of the Mormons with blood on their eyes. They traced the thieves to the Bear river, near where Blue mountain and Cross mountain loom up huge and defiant. Here occurred one of those wonderfully exciting scenes only known in the adventurous west. A frightful storm arose, which compelled the pursuers to halt and during which the stolen cattle, rendered frantic by the vivid



OVER THE BRINE OF AN AWFUL GORGE.

lightning and resounding thunder, stampeded the Mormons tried to vainly to head off the infuriated herd. They might just as well have tried to sweep back the storm itself. The cattle rushed madly along, carrying horses and men with them to destruction. On they plunged and right over the brink of an awful gorge into the Bear river. Down went the whole herd, bellowing their terror through the rush of wind and rain. It was a fearful, a sublime sight, as one of the cattlemen told me afterward. Some of the cattle were not killed. You see, the first that went down formed a pillow for the last to drop on, and so the survivors crawled out of the debris and took up their abode in this inaccessible gorge, where they have thrived and still roam, beyond the reach of any man's hand. There is no possible way to get into this place unless you choose to be dropped down from the edge of the precipice at the end of a rope 1,000 feet long.

In a Prison Ranch.

"Men are pretty adventurous out here, but the boldest of them would hesitate over this method of reaching these cattle. The rope might break, you know, and then, if you should once get down there, how are you going to get the cattle out? There is absolutely no way of escape. On all sides rise black, frowning mountains, and at each end leaps and bounds the mighty Yampa, or Bear, river. There is nothing like it in the world. The place is utterly inaccessible. The whole region of country hereabouts is the wildest and most unmountainable. It is 80 miles to the north of Meeker, the agency where the atrocious massacre by the Utes of the Meeker family and every one at the agency took place in 1879. There are several white men in Meeker who have seen these creatures, among them a famous guide and trapper, Cox Powell, who has frequently visited this place and

"Wouldn't it be possible to get into the gorge by means of the river?" one of the listeners asked.

"It has been tried again and again," returned the mining engineer, "but you must remember that the Bear river is almost impassable. Its current is swift, its bed a mass of jagged rocks. It tumbles and plunges along and raises the very dense until it enters Green river. A boat or canoe could not exist long in those tumultuous waters. There is a legend among the Utes that a renegade of their number, who had stolen a Sioux woman for his wife and on that account was driven from his tribe, tried to reach this gorge by means of the river. He thought it a safe retreat from his enemies, and that he could kill and eat the fat beaver and make garments and a tippet from their skins. He made a rude canoe, and taking his Sioux wife with him attempted the descent of the rapids. The canoe was snappd into chips and the adventurer's lost. No, the bravest and most hardy, either white or Indian, will hesitate before trying to effect an entrance into that mountain prison."

"The only human being who could ever get in that place," stated the jolly, ruddy sheriff, who was one of the group, "would be Mexican cattle thief."

"Indeed?" laughed the mining man. "And how would he manage it?"

"I don't know," rejoined the sheriff, "but he would get in some way. If that ranch were in the southeastern part of Colorado instead of the northwestern, the greaser thieves would sneak in in some fashion."

Then the company in the Santa Fe sleeping car urged the sheriff to tell what he knew of the haunts of the Mexican cattle thieves.

"What I know would fill a book," he answered, "and I don't want to tire you out. I'll only give you a personal experience or two. The greatest pest of Colorado cattlemen is the Mexican cattle thief. They sneak over the border at night and carry off the finest yearlings they can lay hands on. They live in communities, are usually connected by marriage and will swear to anything to help each other out of a scrape. There was the famous Archileta gang. Archileta was a typical greaser thief who lived down in the Huerfano country. His brothers-in-law, sons and cousins were of the same stripe as himself. They were the scourge of that region. For a long time the finest, fattest beaves had been disappearing from this and that ranch, and suspicion pointed toward these lazy, worthless Mexicans."

"At last I started out overnight with a couple of deputies, determined to capture the thieves if that were possible. It was dusk when we came to the tumble down dunes where the gang lived. They were not at home. We went into an out of door cellar and there found a quarter of beef with the brand of a well known company on it. Taking it with us, we went down the road a short distance to where another member of the gang lived and there found the rest of the carcass, into which the quarter we had seized fitted perfectly. We waited until the crew came home and took them into custody. Archileta was a powerful fellow who had sworn he would never be taken alive, but he submitted to arrest when he found we had called the turn on him. His wife, however, made a terrible scene, trying to stop us and threatening in the most fiery language to do me up. However, we got our prisoners safely to the neighboring town, and Archileta is now in the penitentiary at Canon City."

"Another time I was on the trail of a notorious thief, having followed him all day, coming up to the ruined dune where he lay hidden just as the moon rose. He knew me, and leaping on his horse started for the river. After him I rode, hot and fast. He took the stream, and his horse struck out boldly. In after him my horse and I went. I followed him across, back again to the other shore and then across once more. Two or three times I shot at him, but missed him. He got away from me, and I must say that a fellow who will make such a desperate break for his liberty as that Mexican thief did almost deserves it. And he displayed such courage and resource I believe he would swim the Bear river and get into that walled ranch above Meeker if he lived in that neighborhood. Mexicans, however, rarely get so far north in Colorado. They are too lazy, and then they can do business right along on the border."

Then the mining man and the sheriff fell to discussing free silver, while I, looking out of the window at the snowy peaks rising in the distance, decided that the west is full of stories yet. "The half has never been told."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

MR. BEADLE AT THE SCENE OF A BLOODY BATTLE.

Interviews With Local Residents—The Bloody Angle—General Grant's "Hammering" Process—A Few Comments on Grant and McClellan.

(Special Correspondence.)

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, Va., July 15.—"You are now in the northeast corner of the bloody angle," said my host, Mr. E. L. Landrum, "though our fellows called it the bloody bend. The McCool house just back there was the main center of the angle, and beginning at this pine tree, off that way for a hundred yards or so, the ditch was filled three deep with the dead. You see, the Yankees broke over and were then driven back, and for awhile both sides fought over the same breastworks until some of our batteries got the range of the Yankees' side, and as the cannon shot swept along down it our fellows could hear the crash as they splintered the Yankees' bones. I have often heard my uncle say it sounded just like it would if you had thrown a big rock into a pile of glass and china. And every time the battery swept the ditch there was a scream, and the pile grew writhed and twisted. A pile of worms. Our fellows say that the Yankees were just like devils that day. They came for life, their own or anybody else's. They charged right up against the cannon and fought hand to hand and knocked each other down with their guns."

Death and Destruction.

"And where were you?"

"Oh, we had warning and ran down to the Court House. I was only 12 years old then. Our house was first taken for a Confederate hospital, and when the Confederates fell back and the Federals came on the whole place was swept clean. All the horses were run off or killed, and a big herd of cattle were killed and everything else in the live stock line. Our house was shot all to pieces, and the furniture destroyed and the fragments taken to build breastworks, but the strangest thing was about the feather beds. When my sister and I came back, we walked along the breastworks, and she saw a piece of the ticking sticking out, so we went to work and dug and pulled and got every one of our seven feather beds out of the breastworks. What the Yankees put them in for I can't imagine, but right along there, though it wasn't the hardest fighting, you could walk 100 yards



IT WAS STRUCK BY SIX OR SEVEN RIFLE BALLS.

or so on dead bodies. This pine thicket was then an open field, but it has grown up thick enough since. All this field was a graveyard. The first year I worked the farm I plowed up six skeletons. Visitors from the north took them away as relics. It is a little curious that where visitors used to come at the rate of 1,000 a year or more they stopped all at once a few years ago, and now there is hardly ever one. I thought some of making a sort of tavern and trying to entertain visitors, but it won't do now. The man who had the place the first year after father's death plowed down all the breastworks in the fields, and some that was timber then has been cleared and the lines plowed down, and I am now very sorry that was done. Now you can't follow the lines unless you have some one who knows them well."

I found it true that I could trace no regular line. In the woods the breastworks are still intact, and trees have grown upon them a foot in thickness, with great masses of brush and tangled vines. The interior breastwork, constructed by the Confederates after an entire division of them had been captured at the outer angle, is now scarcely visible at all. Striking westward from the McCool house, on a sandy ridge where the land was so poor that it would make a western man sore eyed, I found a little the worst looking negro settlement I have yet seen in Virginia. It was, in fact, the old plantation quarters, but the mansion of the master long ago disappeared, and the cabins look as if they were sinking into the earth. I ventured to the door of one and found it dark inside as the den of a wild beast.

Relics of the Conflict.

The negroes were so stupid that I could understand them only with great difficulty, but they had a curiosity to show me what they had recently plowed up—a human jaw and arm bone. The jaw was one of enormous size, and nearly all the teeth were in tolerable preservation. Not far beyond Mr. G. W. Perry showed me an army medal or bronze badge recently found near his house. A little scouring brought out the original inscription and a rude scratching, perhaps made by the owner. On one side were the words, "Against rebellion, 1861," inclosing a starred shield on which was the word, "Union;" on the other side, "W. H. Jackson, Co. D, 19th regiment, Mich. Vols., Somerset Co." A few rods north of Mr. Perry's was the Sedgwick monument, and there was the northwest corner of

General Sedgwick was killed on the 9th, but the awful slaughter of the 12th completely overshadowed minor engagements in which from 2,000 to 6,000 men were killed, wounded and captured.

I was considerably moved by the pathetic story of Mrs. Catherine Trigg, who still lives on the battlefield and whose son was killed a few days after the battle by the explosion of a shell. All the boys who had ventured back to the neighborhood were busy gathering shells which they opened for the powder, and sometimes lead, which they retained. Finding it difficult to open a very large one in the usual way, young Trigg tried it with a hammer and cold chisel. It exploded, and he was torn to pieces.

"He was only 16 years old," said Mrs. Trigg, "and intended to go in the army of the war continued, but was cut off. He and Mr. Landrum had opened many and thought they could do safely. We hurried back right after the battle. In fact, we followed on the heels of the army, for we knew there would be no more fighting, but the awful stench drove us away again. There came on heavy rains, and after that nearly everybody was sick. In fact, all the rest of that year was the sickest ever known, for this is a very healthy country."

A Lucky Individual.

At one point was a Confederate regiment mostly from West Virginia, and of the company on the extreme left all were killed or wounded but one, as there was a sudden enfilading fire from the Federals. Monroe Hansford, the lucky man, has had an extraordinary career and is still living. I did not see him, but his brother gave me this account: "Well, I reckon if this world was to break in pieces Monroe Hansford would manage to get on the biggest and come out alive. He has been mighty near death in every sort of way, by boats sinking or exploding and in shooting and cutting scrapes, and in the Wilderness he put up his own headstone and lived to tell it. They were ordered to lie down till the Yankees came close up, and the lower half of his body was in a little gully. Seeing a big flat stone near him, he picked it up and held it up edgewise just in front of his head. It was struck by six or seven rifle bullets, and the men to the right and left of him, three or four each way, were killed and all the rest wounded, but he escaped."

The Sedgwick monument was put up on the 12th of May, 1877, and for three days a large concourse of survivors of the old sixth corps rambled over the various battlefields in the vicinity. All the neighbors with whom I talked did not fail to inform me that the Battle-field association paid Mrs. Owens \$50 for the acre on which the monument stands, which is from 5 to 50 times as much as the current price of land anywhere in the region. All the historians say that no one can understand these Wilderness battles or comprehend the reasons for Grant's attack on May 12 unless he comes here and studies the ground. Well, for myself only I must say that after walking all over the field I can see how they fought, but as to reasons for this battle I know what I did before—just nothing at all. I do not wonder that popular opinion through all this section of Virginia is unanimous in regard to the Federal commander. This was the last battle save one in which he hurled his veterans headlong on strong breastworks manned by expert riflemen.

A Remarkable Fact.

The "hammering" process, of which some writers still speak approvingly, was begun May 4 by order of General Grant and terminated June 3 by order of his soldiers. It lasted just 30 days, and the Federal losses averaged 2,000 per day. The Virginia estimate, therefore, is that had that policy been continued it would have cost 300,000 men to take Richmond. Measured, however, by the time in action the loss per hour increased at an almost geometrical ratio. Thus at the last desperate charge of the so called Wilderness series twice as many men were lost as in the first: at Laurel Hill the loss was doubled again, and at Cold Harbor the loss was between 8,000 and 9,000 in half an hour, or at the rate of 17,000 per hour. Then, the only case recorded in history so far as I know, a whole army without previous understanding unanimously refused obedience. The order for another charge was given, repeated by corps and division commanders, and so on down the line of officers. The trumpets sounded the charge. The whole army stood still. It should not be forgotten that it was not the general who stopped the "hammering" process by his own will. It was the private soldiers who did it, and a most remarkable and dramatic circumstance it was.

McClellan reached the James river with a loss of 19,000 and inflicted a loss of 21,000 on Lee. Grant reached the same place with a loss of 60,000 men, inflicting a loss of 23,000 on Lee. At that point both proposed the same plan. In 1862 it was rejected, and in 1864 it was accepted. McClellan did not venture to propose that Richmond should be taken by his plan in less than six months, and his proposition was ridiculed accordingly. Grant did it in nine months. If this were all, we could quickly decide the old contention as to relative rank of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, but there is a deal more. Grant was always respectful to his superiors. McClellan often grossly insulting and generally contemptuous. Our civil war cannot be judged by old world standards, for the political fights were, if possible, even more important than the military. The administration could drive on the soldiers or trust build generals to do so, but it had to satisfy the men who supported the war. In 1861 and 1862 these men were fiercely impatient of delay and timid as to loss of life, taxation and expenditures. In 1864 they were in the humor to spend every dollar, sacrifice every man and to go to any length necessary in winning up the job.

SUITABLE ATTIRE FOR WIDOWS AND GROWN DAUGHTERS.

Latitude Allowed in Trimming and Making Capes and Cloaks—Hats For Young Persons—Lingerie For Half Mourning—A Handsome Afternoon Dress.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, July 15.—There are modifications even in mourning, and though the line has always been drawn strictly in widows' garments, particularly for first mourning, much more



MOURNING COSTUMES.

latitude has been allowed for the young in the way of trimming and make. It is most depressing to wear mourning garments at the best and to be in company with those whose somber habiliments tell of recent bereavement, and while a little judicious ornament or elaborateness in the application of the crape does not show disrespect for the dead it is certainly less depressing for the wearer and beholder than the hard lines heretofore deemed necessary.

Widows still wear the close bonnet with its white cap that tells its story of the wrench that tore apart a loving couple. Some widows wear white mull strings to their bonnets or stiffer book muslin tied in set and rather stiff bows under the chin. Others have black strings, but generally speaking the white ones look the best. The veil is long and heavy and for the first two months should be worn over the face. The gown may be and often is entirely covered with English crape, which is the only kind suitable or indeed ever used for deep mourning, or the gown itself may be of endora cloth, silk warp Henrietta, or where these goods are too expensive a very fine black cashmere can be used. But cashmere is too soft to look well with heavy crape. The old bombazine was good, but has few adherents on account of its weight. The silk warp fabrics have just the right weight and firmness. The dress, then, for first mourning may be of endora and have the crape added to any depth or amount, and later the crape may be removed, leaving a perfect dress, quite elegant enough for any occasion and still be a mourning gown by association, with the always present veil. Shorter veils may be worn after six months for ordinary occasions, but for church or any other similar need the long veil is de rigueur.

Capes and cloaks follow the fashion of the day in form, but are always trimmed heavily with crape and sometimes lusterless ribbon. The lady of truly refined taste will not use glittering jet on any article of her attire.

For the grown daughters who have lost a parent there are handsome gowns which are sufficiently ornate to please any taste without being frivolous. The oldest daughter wears a veil hanging from the back of her bonnet as long as she wishes to have it, with a fine net veil with an inch wide crape border over the face. She can have ribbon or crape bows and a few black flowers or dull wings. The dress for first mourning may be had in panels with crape and endora alternating, or her whole dress may be of crape with insets of cloth at the bottom of the skirt. Her waist may be blouse shaped of crape, with its combination slightly ornamented with dull jet. These matters are generally left to the dress-maker and the individual taste of the wearer, but in any case the combination is always sharply marked. Black crepon and lisse ruchings are frequently seen at the necks and wrists of mourning gowns. One home gown which was made for a second daughter had a plain skirt with an inset panel of crape, the rest being silk warp Henrietta. The vest front was crape, with revers of the dress goods wrought with fine dull jet. The collar was the same. Beneath the revers were the short falls of embroidered silk crape. Small cuffs added a touch of dressiness.

In lingerie for half mourning there are sheer muslin collars and cuffs stitched with black and edged with crepe lisse ruffings, white or black. Some collars for home wear have quite



FOR HALF MOURNING.

large "handkerchief points" on each side. These may be tucked or hem-stitched. There are also cuffs and collars of black linen stitched with white thread. These are for wear with close finished gowns. For a handsome afternoon dress for one young lady were a skirt of black crape and a neat Eton jacket of endora with crape revers and crape sleeves. To wear with this there was a vest of puffed white crape with a multitude of small bows of narrow black gauze ribbon all over the front. The open jacket showed them, and it was pretty.

GREAT Summer Clearance SALE

Begins MONDAY, JULY 15th.

Everything in this sale will be strictly first class. No shorts or shoddy stuff will be offered. Come! if you want a first-class article as cheap and cheaper than others are offering shorts and shoddy goods.

NUFF SED.

A Few Prices Follow:

5,000 yards Challies.....	3c a yard.
2,000 yards Dark Challies.....	5c a yard.
500 yards Wool Challies.....	12 1/2c a yard
7,000 yards Lancaster Gingham.....	4 1/2c a yard
3,000 yards Best Blue Prints.....	4c a yard
4,000 yards Toile du Nord Gingham.....	8c a yard
2,000 yards Best French Gingham.....	15c former price 25c

Our entire lot of Shirt Waists worth from 75c to \$2.50, your choice for 39c. 1,000 pieces of Stamped Linen, the finest line in the city will be sold during this sale at less than cost. Ladies will appreciate this.

This Sale to be Strictly Cash and for 30 Days Only

Crone's Dry Goods Store,

Corner Main and Erie Streets, Massillon, O.

WARTHORST & Co.

QUARRY.

BRICK. - - BRICK.

Massillon, O.

Suggestions for those in Search of Health

Get rid of the bondage of habit. The use of condiments in your food such as pepper, spices, too much salt, do not nourish but create an abnormal appetite. In many diseases it is not good to partake of too much animal food. If you are ill it is better to lay aside the use of pork, tea and coffee. Do not eat or drink when over heated or angry. Eat slowly. It is not well to drink while eating. If you wish to increase your fat and flesh drink freely of water. Do not neglect bathing, and rub the body after a bath until the skin is warm and red. Have a regular time for rest and eating. Keep your feet warm, and head cool. If you are inclined to be melancholy sleep on the right side.

Don't talk against anyone. If you have ill feelings against any person seek to do them a kindness. Do not think evil of anyone. Get rid of all of your evil suspicions and jealous thoughts. Cast them out of your mind as you would a viper, for such thoughts will injure your disposition, weaken your body, and ruin your health. Do not listen to gossip against your neighbor, and remember there is something good that you can say of every one. Do not worry about that which you can not help because it can do you no good, and do not worry about that which you can help because if you can help it you should do so and then you won't have anything to worry over. Cultivate a cheerful, pleasant disposition, and you can be more easily cured of any disease that may afflict you.

WHAT DR. KUTCHIN DOES NOT DO.

Dr. Kutchin makes the first object of his life to heal the afflicted, and he does not get a well-deserved reputation as a healer of diseases among the people, the third, is to earn a modest compensation in order to properly care for himself and family. He does all that he agrees to, and oftentimes he and his family are all unconscious of where the true cause of the disease lies. He can always be traced to carelessness, impatience or overwork on the part of the patient. He deals candidly, liberally and humanely with all alike, taking advantage of none as to condition or circumstance. Last, but not least, he cures after all methods but his have failed.

DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

EX. U. S. SURGEON.

Specialist in Chronic Diseases.

HUNDREDS OF SO CALLED INCURABLE CASES CURED!

All over the country are being slowly bled to death year after year owing to the vital fluids passing off with the urine (water). They feel all run down, dragged out and whipped of energy and ambition, but are all unconscious of where the true cause of their trouble lies. Seeking relief from the family doctor, they are treated for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Heart Troubles or Rheumatism and Kidney Disease, but to no purpose. They try potent nostrums, but these disappoint them. These sufferers may be of all ages, from mere boys to advanced life, but the patients are mile-aged and married men who have worked day and night, as you might say, for years and years. If such will come to the Doctor, and bring a bottle of their urine, he will show them the cause of their trouble. In order to have the skill of the Noted Specialist, must either go to such specialist, or the Specialist must go to them. Statistics show that among all chronic sufferers, not more than one in five hundred ever go to the larger cities to receive treatment; this fact is owing mainly to: The terrible dread the sick have of leaving home and going into the turmoil, noise and confusion of a great city, and the worry and exhaustion incident to travel. Also the great expense of the trip and the unreasonable prices charged for examination and treatment. It is a notorious fact that chronic diseases are so distinct from acute ones that the regular practitioner, as a rule, wastes nothing to do with them, and if satisfied with his income, will frankly say so, hence the necessity of the specialist; and that he shall put himself where those patients uncured by their Family Doctor may see him and receive first-class treatment, although unable to visit the city to secure a like quality of skill. The fact that a city specialist visits your country seat, and receives and prescribes for patients at your best hotel does not in the least detract from his skill, honesty, integrity or respectability. For if a man is a gentleman at home he is a gentleman everywhere. Does Dr. Kutchin cure everybody? No! Does he treat every case that goes to him? No! But he does cure a greater percentage of cases treated by any specialist of our acquaintance. His business has assumed such gigantic proportions in Ohio that he has found it an absolute necessity to confine his work almost entirely to this State. This enables everyone under his care to communicate with or see the Doctor on short notice at all times.

DR. KUTCHIN IS NO STRANGER IN THIS COUNTY HE HAS BEEN MAKING REGULAR VISITS HERE FOR THREE YEARS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In all obscure diseased conditions DR. KUTCHIN requests the afflicted to bring a sample of urine for free analysis. This should be the first passed on arising. Let the afflicted remember that Dr. H. LESTER KUTCHIN visits this country regularly every month for the convenience and benefit of his patients. He can be consulted FREE OF CHARGE in his private parlors at the

Hotel Conrad, Massillon, Friday, Aug. 9, '95

Consultation, Examination and Advice, Free. Return visits made every 28 days.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

The modesty of ex-County Treasurer Mandru is not monumental. After permitting a shortage to be created during his term of office, and putting the county to great expense in examining the records, he now sues for something less than one thousand dollars, alleged to be due him. And the worst of it is that this sum he blundered into paying over to the county by his own error, according to his own admission.

Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, is now at Bar Harbor, Me. Having been consulted in a matter of business by Elmer L. Volkmar, of Massillon, he responds in a letter in which he mentions his ill health and says: "In a few years more we shall all have taken a ride on Charon's boat on the dark river that runs out into the ocean of oblivion, whence no traveler ever returns. I am much obliged to you for copies of THE INDEPENDENT. I recognize many names in them which were once familiar, and whose owners were friends of mine. The present wearers of these cognomens are, I suppose, sons or grandsons of those whom once I knew. The Massillon paper which I best remember was called the Gazette. I wrote communications for it as far ago as 1840."

THE FAILURE OF SOCIALISM.

It is uncommonly odd that the first note of discord in the co-operative colony at Ruskin, Tenn., should reach the ears of the public through that astute philosopher, Mr. Coxe, the corner-stone of whose faith is the ultimate public ownership of all the wealth of the country. It seems that Ruskin came into being as a direct result of the publication of Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward." Editor Wayland, of the Coming Nation, having advertised the idea and brought the enterprise to a head. Land was bought in Tennessee, and picked followers of the communistic doctrine were selected to prove to the world the feasibility of the Bellamy plan. Mr. Wayland moved to Ruskin himself, and his publication has been issued from that point. Thus all went well until the people of the colony, who had invested heavily, concluded that the chief apostle, Mr. Wayland, who had hitherto claimed the personal ownership of the Coming Nation, ought to turn it over to the association. He refused and continued to claim the ownership of a \$6,000 press, and to be the product of the colonists' combined labor. Then the members of the association became angry and called upon him to submit or leave the place. He decided to leave on condition that his interest in the whole enterprise be bought by the association. Having lost his head, the colony may be expected to go to pieces very soon. Citizen Coxe is rather mixed in his views on this subject just now. Personally he has little faith in the communistic idea, yet his public attitude has been favorable to all socialistic schemes, and if his foolish theories do not mean socialism they mean nothing.

HARMONIOUS REFORMERS.

The Populists of Stark county who have cheerfully volunteered to remove all the kinks from our public affairs, gave striking evidence of their capacity to regulate the world, by the manner in which they regulated themselves, at their convention on Saturday. It cropped out early in the proceedings that a wolf in sheep's clothing was in their midst, in the person of Dr. H. F. Barnes, a masquerading Populist, who for a few dollars, labored hard and long to elect Banker Raff to congress, last fall. The chairman, Dr. Cook, indignantly named Dr. Barnes upon a committee, whereupon an animated debate followed on the question of Dr. Barnes's eligibility. The matter could have been disposed of easily but for the inability of the gentlemen present to define Populism. Somebody asked the question and nobody seemed to know. Finally Dr. Barnes settled the matter by declaring himself a Jeffersonian Democrat, a believer in Populism minus its socialistic features. Thereupon the doctor was ruled out, and the convention took a recess. At this stage of the game Dr. Barnes and Allen Cook came together in a pugilistic encounter. After rolling over the floor together for some ten minutes the two distinguished "reformers" were separated and the gentlemen went out to lunch. In the afternoon, with rare modesty, Henry Vincent who is employed by Citizen Coxe in the confidential capacity once occupied by Citizen Browne, announced in a tone of conviction that the world was waiting to hear from Stark county, and that the convention must endorse his employer as a candidate for governor. Mr. Vincent is not a citizen of Ohio, but that, of course, is a trifling matter. Thereupon Mr. Coxe was endorsed and so were his bills. That the free coinage of silver was also recommended in connection with the free coinage of paper, although denounced by Mr. Coxe as quite as bad as the free coinage of gold, is an inconsequential inconsistency that might be com-

mented upon if it occurred in either of the old parties, but in the "reform" party is quite a matter of course. The ticket will probably be voted for by some men who are commonly reported to have possession of all their faculties.

MR. COONEY AND THE PRESS.

Mr. James Cooney denies that he has called down the maledictions of the gods upon the street railway, but has no hesitancy in saying that their curses should be visited upon THE INDEPENDENT for thus misrepresenting him. Mr. Cooney explains that when, with uplifted arm and loud voice, he addressed himself to the motorman whose car bore down upon him, it was not in sorrow or in anger, but in gratitude because "by the jurisprudence that he blew the whistle for me, and I thanked him, sir." The intimate relations sustained by Mr. Cooney to Mr. Lynch and Mr. Killinger are so cherished by him that he wishes to be set right in this important matter. While THE INDEPENDENT thus frankly addresses itself to the duty of smoothing over the incident, it is also disposed to moralize a little upon the unsteadiness of Mr. Cooney's friendship, which, by reason of one misander tending is converted into an inextinguishable wrath. Now although THE INDEPENDENT proposes to take up the burdens of life alone, and without the sympathetic and valuable aid heretofore accorded by Mr. Cooney, it cannot help but grieve occasionally that one paragraph, often misunderstood or misconstrued, can undo the work of years of pleasant intercourse. While the victim of the one misdirected shot may say nothing, the thought of it rankles, and he nourishes his grievance until, as he hopes, a day of reckoning comes. All this is a source of pain to most newspaper men, who, after all, are only made of human clay, and silently regret the multiplication of these injured feelings as time goes on. The shaft that left the sting may have a thousand excuses for having taken wing, and the bitterness of the attack may have been tempered down to nothing by comparison with the spoken words of some who thereby do not forfeit warm regard; but once in print the injury is charged up to the personal account of him who would have prevented it if he could. It is the penalty that one pays for writing for the press, to realize that behind masked faces there are chilled hearts, increasing in number as the years go by, who, embittered by some trivial point of difference, cut the cord of cordial understanding at once and for all. A minister's office, a lawyer's fee, or a judge's plain duty protect him from this sense of personal attack. But the newspaper man, having no commission to mend the morals of the universe, obtaining no fee for taking up an issue, and constituting himself a voluntary judge, accepts in his own right, the dislike of those who cannot comprehend how impersonal the motive is. It is the way of the world. Perhaps in the next century, when newspaper men become better, and newspaper readers juster, it will be different.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

With a great deal of pleasure THE INDEPENDENT makes space for the following letter:

MR. EDITOR—While you offer prizes for the largest list of new subscribers and chronos for rhymes on the town clock, how would it do to throw out a valuable donation for the most successful and available scheme for a free public library? Perhaps it is only giving expression to an unwelcome truth when it is said that the library taste of Massillon is less dainty and more easily satisfied today than it was half a century ago. There were living literary giants in those days, but the descendants do not "mind the same rule nor follow after the same things." A flickering beacon light is seen burning on an occasional literary height, but the distance between them is very great and the lights are often allowed to go out. We have base ball, lawn tennis and the bicycle, and the question is very pertinent: Who reads a book these days?

It may be a chestnut, old and musty and all that, but it is the living, ever present truth that the thoroughly furnished and properly conducted free reading room and public library would be a benediction to our city and give moral tone to a community whose interests are to be lost in the chase for the olive dollar. Major Armstrong may be right when he says there is more wealth in the city of Massillon than in any other town of its size in Ohio. Well, suppose it is so. We are not particularly elated over it. How about the moral tendencies of the boys and girls? We lead them on bicycles, fast horses and base ball bats, and expect to develop a race of cultivated men and women. Do you see where they are going?

All previous efforts in this direction have not been failures. Who is prepared to say that the Young Men's Christian Association of twenty years ago did no good? It might be living yet, and no doubt would be had it received adequate support. It had many zealous friends who labored unceasingly and unselfishly for the community's good. Some of them with us yet—Prof. Jones, J. K. Morwin, Jos. K. Russell, Charles B. Beckman, A. T. Skinner, C. F. Kicks, the late James Neill, Dr. Frank Chidester, Martin Hoover, Dr. Joseph Watson. No selfish purpose could have actuated these men.

We have today just as good men and women, and plenty of them who will devote time and talent to the prosecution of such a scheme as is here proposed. And all the money necessary to insure the successful working of the enterprise is ready on call, but the right influences must be set in operation. J. J. H.

The suggestions included in the foregoing are too meritorious to be read and laid aside. As for THE INDEPENDENT, its readers ought not to be unmindful of

its efforts in the past. It is not so long since money was obtained between this paper and Dr. Paul Kirchhofer, where by Dr. Pease visited Chicago, and secured thousands of interesting and valuable exhibits that were shown at the World's Fair, all designed for the museum annex of a public library. That the library will follow is tolerably certain. When the summer's diversions are ended, let us hope that an organizing spirit will take up the subject and push it to a realization.

NASBY ANTICIPATED COXEY

Mr. Coxe, who is expending much valuable time and substance in trying to convince the world that it can lift itself by its footstools, seems to be of the opinion that he is the pioneer in the movement. But he isn't. As long ago as 1878, Petroleum V. Nasby was eloquent in suggesting the same "financial reforms" that Mr. Coxe is now laboring for. This is what Nasby wrote:

CONFESSIONAL X. ROADS,
(Which is in the State of Kentucky),
Feb. 23, 1878.

The silver bill don't amount to a so much as the folks here. In the first place, Bascom hez already put up the price of silver to correspond with the depressiashun in silver, so there ain't nothin' done in that direckshun.

When it comes to payin' debts with greater ease it doesn't help us a particle, for we never intend to pay em at all. We hev a shorter method of dealin' with bloated bondholders.

But ez we want to pay, we must be furnished with suthin' to pay in. Silver ain't goin' to do it, for how kin we git the silver? Ef our notes wood git silver, and other people wood take that silver at any discount, then it wood answer for ef ther is any one thing that a Cross-Roader delites in, it is givin' his note.

We wood even go so far as to sekour em by endorsement. I wood endorse a lookin' Pogram's paper and he wood endorse me, and we wood all endorse for each other, ef it wood soothe the minds of the lenders and make em any more contented.

Republiashun is jist ez easy and vastly more comprehensive and all embracin' its effects than any sich parshel relief ez debasement of the currency. Ef they hev mor' money and see fit to foreclose, let em. A dozen men with shot-guns kin easily hold the minyus on the law at bay, and by the time a dozen or more uv the graspin' oppressors hev the tops uv there heads blowed off, they will begin to remember that the debtor class hev rites that will hev to be respected.

But there ain't no roose uv talkin' uv this. The public lack confidence in us. I don't suppose I cood go to any uv the money centers uv the world and borrow a hundred thousand dollars on my own name, with the endorsement uv the Deekin. I never cood find any one more confidin' than to lend me \$5.32 at one vencher.

War we want is a money that we kin git hold uv—that everybody kin git all he wants uv. Ef my sejection uv makin' leather dollars is rejected by a unwise genarashun which don't recognize their benefactors, why then let us hev suthin' which is at once substanshel and kin be made plenty. My plan is this:

Give every corporashun the rate to is-hoo jist ez much money ez it wants to, based upon the faith uv the corporashun which is given it. For instance, the corporashun uv Confidrit X. Roads ishoos its script to jist sich an amount ez it chooses, and distributs it pro rata among its citizens. That scrip shud be legle tender forever, and any one refoosin' to take it shud be munimjly taken out and hung. Some sich legislaeshun ez that wood be necessary to inspire confidence.

The effect wood be miraculous. Then we wood all hev money, and cood pay the bloated bondholders without trouble. We shoud hev money with which to stimulate enterprise and give the spirit uv progress which belongs to the American character. I shoud like to see the American character fall scope to run and be glorified. Then we wood build railroads, and factories and distilleries, and go on in a way that wood astonish the ofete governments uv the Old World. Then wood there come a period uv prosperity onto us that wood make up for the depresshun uv the last four years, and things wood be smooth agin.

This is better than the Silver bill, or anything that I know uv. Moonisshup bankin' is the remedy for our distressed woos, and it is the only thing that will save us. Let the friends uv silver abandon their skevins and come to the support uv me and silver will be a parshel relief uv our troubles.

With sich money I cood pay off Bascom and hev enuff to live on to the last day uv my life.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Financier.

A FEAT OF MAGIC.

Given a Can of Gasoline and a Match, and the Result a Fire.

Prompt action on the part of the firemen early Wednesday morning undoubtedly saved the Hansen block, located at the corner of Mill and North streets. Mrs. Elizabeth Hoffacker, who occupies apartments in the block, rose early to wage war against insects that are usually nameless, and gave their favorite hiding places a liberal coat of gasoline. In order to distinctly discern the effect, Mrs. Hoffacker struck a match. The result was magical. The room was immediately filled with fierce flames, and entering a hole in the wall they traveled to the floor above. The firemen worked effectively and soon the danger was past. The loss will not amount to more than fifty dollars.

Camp Meeting.

The annual camp meeting of the A. M. E. Zion church, of Massillon, will be held at Wary's Grove, West Lebanon, O., beginning August 4 and ending August 12, 1895. The meeting will be conducted by the Rev. H. L. Jones and Mrs. Josephine Bibbs, the celebrated Afro-American evangelist and lady preacher. The Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Salem, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, of Warren, and other good speakers are expected to be in attendance. Refreshments will be served and the choir will render good music during the time. Everyone invited. Admission 10 cents.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'saved my life.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For dyspepsia, liver or kidney trouble it excels. Price 75c. Sold by E. S. Craig and G. B. Fulton, West Side.

THEY WANT DAMAGES.

Actions Begun Against the City of Massillon.

R. N. TAYLOR RETURNS HOME.

Populists Hold a Convention and Have a Big Row—Mary McCormick and Her Breach of Promise Case—She Wants \$5,000.

CANTON, July 22.—Three actions were commenced in court today against the city of Massillon. The plaintiffs are Nicholas Kohl, Frank Holtzbach and Austin Allen. A recent change of the grade established in Cherry street has caused stormwater to overflow the premises of the said plaintiffs and therefore they have been damaged to each to the amount of \$500. Each petition prays for judgment against the defendant city in the above sum. Pease, Baldwin & Young are the plaintiffs' attorneys.

R. N. TAYLOR RETURNS.

R. N. Taylor, son of Judge and ex-Congressman I. M. Taylor, and former law partner of John C. Welty, who recently mysteriously left his home and bride of six months, presumably for a foreign shore, just as mysteriously came back Saturday night, but he did not come to stay nor to join his wife, now with her mother, Mrs. Weiler, of Hamilton, in Washington. He says he is simply here to arrange some business affairs and will soon leave again. He says he was in the West looking up a location. When he settles on a place he will not ask his wife to join him, but hints that a divorce is probable. He indignantly denies a rumor that he left to dodge creditors and says the express understanding was that his property was to be used to liquidate his debts.

STARK COUNTY POPULISTS.

The Populist county convention began on Saturday with a row. Dr. H. F. Barnes and Allen Cook came to blows because the former was regarded as a yellow dog Populist, and after rolling around on the floor for five minutes resumed standing on their feet. The ticket nominated is as follows: Representatives, Wm. Miller, Lawrence township, and James W. Both, of Lima; sheriff, P. W. Leahy, Canton; clerk of courts, Byron B. Bauman, Robertsville; treasurer, Wm. H. Hoover, New Berlin; commissioner, George W. Mathie, Massillon; auditor, Frank W. Immel, Marlboro; infirmity director, Wm. J. Lackie, Canton; surveyor, Wm. H. Martin, Plain township.

The resolutions adopted by the convention, after endorsing the Omaha platform, continue:

1st. We declare for and recommend to the tax-interested people of our state and nation the measure known as the Coxe Non Interest Bond bill introduced in the Fifty-third congress. H. R. 7463, June 15, 1894. This measure will furnish all of the money necessary to do the business of the country on a cash basis and direct to the people without interest or the intervention of the national banking system, by utilizing at all times the idle labor in making public improvements that can not be put upon the market to be sold to come into competition with the surplus products.

2d. We declare for the free and unrestricted coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 grains of silver to 1 grain of gold without reference to any other nation.

3d. We declare for the Initiative and Referendum, whereby the people are given a vote upon all laws before they become operative.

4th. We declare for the issue of a full legal tender money in payment of a service pension to all soldiers, as follows: Eight dollars per month to commence with, and one cent per day in addition thereto for each and every day of actual service.

5th. We condemn the practice of the Demo-Republican parties in national, state, county and municipalities in issuing bonds bearing interest to pay running expenses of the government, and for making public improvements, taxing the people to pay for the principal of the money and still owe the principal of the construction of our court house, by issuing two hundred thousand dollars of bonds running for twenty years, bearing 5 per cent interest, which will take away from the taxpayers two hundred thousand dollars in interest, and they will still owe the two hundred thousand dollars of principal.

THAT LOCOMOTIVE COLLISION.

The locomotive collision announced for Saturday afternoon did not take place. A. L. Streeter, the manager of the enterprise, had not paid for his old engines when the hour arrived for the event, and the C. & O. railway people declined to let them. There were plenty of people on hand to see the sight, but with singular unanimity they remained outside of the fenced enclosure, and prepared to view it from locations just as good and free of cost. Streeter claims to have lost a large amount of money, supposed to be about \$500. Two young Canton men who backed him with \$300 each are losers, and about \$500 was paid in on account of a subscription for \$1,000 raised by business men who expected to see a big crowd in town that did not come. It was a farce in every sense of the word.

FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

By Attorney James J. Grant, Mary E. McCormick began suit today for judgment in the sum of \$5,000 against William J. Essig. Miss McCormick claims that in January, 1894, Mr. Essig promised to marry her. Mr. Essig now refuses to keep his promise and has, perhaps, been the cause of the plaintiff losing a second chance. She therefore claims to have been greatly damaged by his breach of promise.

A Key Found.

My neighbor, B., has found a key—a key to health it is, says he. If he is troubled with lassitude, constipation, biliousness, sick or nervous headache, cold feet, chilly sensations, fullness at the stomach, or any other of a long array of complaints, he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are so small, so easy to take, so prompt and thorough in their operation, and cost so little that they are sure to grow in favor with all who use them. In glass vials, 25 cents.

BAND BOYS ARE IN LUCK.

Having a Great Time This Week at Chippewa Lake.

CAMP MILITARY, CHIPPEWA LAKE, July 22.—To say that the Massillon Military band has everything its own way at Chippewa lake is but stating the truth. Thomas Hamilton, who controls the upper grounds, where the boys are camped, sees that their every want is supplied, and their friends among the campers are numbered in scores. At the lake the band members are general favorites, and their daily concerts prompt congratulations from every quarter. The camp has been termed Camp Military, but the three tents occupied have been sub-named Camp Frolic, Camp Levi and Camp Noodle. Their strict military discipline prevails. Last night Oscar Pugnier stood guard, and through a driving rain paced up and down before the tents with an unloaded gun closely clasped in his arms. At meal time two by two the boys march into the hotel and do justice to a good and bountiful spread. Toasts are always offered, and the most gifted in speech are "Bony" Ertle and Ray Markel—at least they had the floor Sunday. The campers one and all were serenaded Saturday night, and at 4 in the morning John Roseman made the boys' lives miserable by marching through camp belaboring a bass drum.

At 6 o'clock each morning all hands retire to the bath house and sport in the water for at least thirty minutes. Sunday morning William Ertle, the pet of the camp, served his favorite dish, noodles. Mr. Ertle is in great demand among the young ladies and is looked upon with envy by every man in camp. More than one pair of admiring eyes are turned in his direction as he struts, with stately bearing, about the grounds. The musicians are attired in white duck trousers and caps, and wear blue coats. In honor of his Massillon friends who called, Mr. Ertle wore a clean shirt and a new tie, thus breaking the camp rules. The band did itself proud Sunday, strengthened by Joseph Ess, John Walters, Albert Wolf and Charles Barkheimer, who came up for the day. An excellent concert was given at 2 o'clock.

Fully 2,000 Cleveland folks spent Sunday at the lake, and the band concert was the feature of the band. Mr. Ertle entertained in a manner exceedingly graceful and in language original with Wm. Ertle spotted frequently. At one occasion when several young Clevelanders became obnoxious, Mr. Ertle addressed them as follows: "I wish you to distinctly understand that we cannot be ostracized here, we will subordinate you entirely if you persist in loitering." Strange to say the fellows left and put in an appearance no more during the day.

All in all the boys are thoroughly enjoying themselves, and dread the approach of the tenth day, when they pull up stakes and return home. Their good natured manner has won for them many warm friends at the lake, and their departure will be deeply regretted.

Sunday the boys were visited by Frank Vogt, Joseph Klotz, J. R. Coleman, Fred Shearer, Dr. Jones, Edward Pille, George Hackett and Lewis Holcomb, of Massillon. They expect many of their friends during the week.

The Bowers of New York city could scarcely furnish a tougher set than the gang of young men who accompanied the Cleveland fan dry girls to Chippewa Lake on Sunday. Two excursion trains arrived about 10 o'clock, one carrying about 1,000 and the other 800 people. The young people were fairly rock the place by storm. Something like 900 gallons of beer arrived in advance of the excursionists, who remained mostly at the lower grounds.

There were a few among the crowd who became ashamed of the actions of the intoxicated ones and they proceeded to the upper grounds where the campers are mostly located and where quiet prevails. Fights were at every hand. Friends would drink together until incapable of resisting the temptation to fight and quarrels started among themselves would end in bloody fights. It was in several instances a case of hit the first head within reach be it that of friend or foe. Just before the Massillon train pulled into the station a fight started among Clevelanders at the station. Four or five attacked one young man and he knocked them right and left.

Fully twenty joined in the attacking party at that and the young man bravely stood his ground. He was soon stretched upon the floor, however, and the brutal mob began to kick him. Several Massillonians interfered and succeeded in getting the fellow away, or he certainly would have been kicked to death. One fellow almost twice the size of the doped man, kicked the latter in the head, inflicting a scalp wound four inches in length. When rescued the young man was bleeding from various wounds. Dr. F. G. Jones and Frank Vogt, of this city, were the first to attempt the rescue. They were then joined by several of the young man's friends.

Present Crop Conditions.

The official crop report for the week ending July 22, for northern Ohio says that good rains fell in the early part of the week, and in the eastern half of the section they were quite heavy. The days have been quite warm, unusually so during last three days of the period. The condition of all vegetation has improved and in the eastern half the change for the better has been quite decided. The threshing of wheat has begun, the yield being generally light, and in several counties of poor quality. Oats are ripening, in some places the harvest has begun, the yield seems to be good in most counties. Corn is doing very well, but in some places is quite uneven. Potatoes show some improvement, but the ground is too dry for a good development of the tuber. Pastures are still badly dried up, and frequent rains will be necessary to put them in good condition. Stock water is scarce in many places, and in some localities stock feeding is still necessary. Gardens are looking better than one week ago. Large fruits continue to drop, especially apples, and small fruits have dried badly on the bushes.

Don't pay high prices for baking powder when you can now get J. Monroe Taylor's Cream Yeast at a lower price than ever before on account of the reduced cost of materials and manufacturing. The quality is known to be the best.

Now is the time to subscribe.

CHW
AND
SMOKE

MAIL POUCH
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

NONE TO CLAIM HIM.

A Traveling Man's Sad and Painful End.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM.

Harry Barnard Falls from a Chair to the Floor and Dies in Agony—His Room Burst Open This Morning and His Body Found.

(From Monday's Daily.)

After several vain attempts to arouse Harry Barnard, a guest at the Hotel Conrad, this morning, the door of the room was finally opened by a chambermaid and the inmate was found lying face downward on the floor dead. The local authorities were at once notified and the coroner summoned. Coroner McQuate arrived at 9:15 and after viewing the body and conferring with Dr. Reed, who had attended Mr. Barnard on Sunday, decided that death resulted from natural causes.

Mr. Barnard was a traveling salesman in the employ of The Zehring Co., dealers in perfumes and toilet preparations, of Dayton. He arrived at the Hotel Conrad on Saturday afternoon. On Sunday he was taken very ill with bowel trouble and Dr. T. J. Reed was called in. He retired to his room at 7:45 and apparently was feeling much better. When found he was lying beside a chair from which he had evidently fallen when overcome. His face was badly contorted and he had evidently died in great agony. No commotion was heard in the room during the night, and several who passed his door at various times say that all was quiet within. When he was first taken ill he told Landlord Bryant that he was not at all alarmed and thought that he would soon recover.

He was about 40 years of age, and so far as is known was unmarried. A good watch and considerable money was found in his clothes. The body has been placed in charge of N. H. Williams to await an answer to the notification sent to his firm in Dayton.

Landlord Bryant received a telegram from Mr. Barnard's house, at Dayton, this afternoon, saying that the only friend of Mr. Barnard's they knew of is E. T. Richards, of Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago. A message was sent to Mr. Richards at once. It is the belief now that had Mr. Barnard consulted a physician on Friday or Saturday he would be alive today. His actions were strange on Saturday and he appeared to be a very ill man, and Landlord Bryant was very much concerned about his welfare. Frequent inquiries were made and Mr. Barnard was advised to go to bed, but he insisted that he was all right and would rapidly improve. He seemed dazed and several thought he was intoxicated, but he explained that the trouble was in his lower limbs. To Dr. Reed he said that for several mornings for some time after arising his limbs were stiff and numb. On Saturday he applied at the bar for a drink of whisky and the bartender, noticing Mr. Barnard's strange manner, refused, saying, "I guess you have had enough." This angered Mr. Barnard, and he said, "Don't add insult to injury, but give me what I want, I am ill."

Coroner McQuate took the deceased man's effects to Canton this afternoon. (From Tuesday's Daily.)

The body of Harry Barnard, the traveling salesman who was found dead in his room at the Conrad yesterday, is still lying in N. H. Williams's undertaking rooms unclaimed. The only interest his firm, The Zehring Co., of Dayton, has taken in his death was to telegraph last night as follows:

"The sample cases Barnard had belong to us, please express them at once."

Landlord W. C. Bryant promptly replied that the cases were in the hands of the coroner.

Mr. Barnard formerly worked for the Smith, Kline and French Co., of Philadelphia, and in answer to a query sent by Bryant & Parsons last night, sent the following message:

"Barnard came from Nantucket, Mass., where his people used to live. Will try to give you further information in the morning."

At 8 o'clock this morning Bryant & Parsons received a dispatch from Dr. Clifford Mitchell, of Hyde Park, Ill., which read as follows:

"Harry Barnard's family live at Nantucket, Mass. Wire Wm. Barnard, ex-Harriet May, Nantucket, for information."

A message was wired to the address at once.

At noon today Mr. Bryant received a message from Harriet May, of Nantucket. She requested that the body of Mr. Barnard be respectfully buried in the cemetery at Massillon. If the money found on his person is insufficient to pay the funeral and other expenses she desires the bill forwarded to her. Mr. Bryant went to Canton immediately to confer with the coroner.

A letter arrived this morning from the Zehring Co., of Dayton, which again requested Mr. Bryant to forward to the firm Mr. Barnard's sample cases of perfumes. They took no pains to inquire into what shape Mr. Barnard's affairs were here or whether the body had been claimed or not. They were only interested in their samples. A second was received from Peter Van Schaack & Sons, of Chicago, saying that Mr. Barnard carried a good line of sponges and chambrays for them. They wish their trunk of samples forwarded accompanied by a bill of expenses.

PURE
AND
HARMLESS
SATISFYING

MAIL POUCH
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

STARK COUNTY FARMERS.

Auditor Leitch Tells What They Raised Last Year.

The auditor's report on Stark county crops for the past year has been completed, and it tells this story:

Wheat—Bushels produced in 1894, 903,250; sown for 1895 harvest, 40,069 acres.

Rye—Bushels produced in 1894, 4,671; acres sown for 1895, 773.

Buckwheat—Acres sown in 1894, 58; bushels produced, 690.

Oats—Acres sown in 1894, 30,346; bushels produced, 966,968; acres sown 1895, 30,347.

Barley—Bushels produced in 1894, 1,637; acres sown for 1895, 80.

Corn—Acres planted in 1894, 31,776; bushels shelled, corn produced in 1894, 724,204; acres planted for 1895, 31,474.

Broom Corn—Acres planted in 1894, 9; pounds broom brush produced in 1894, 800.

Commercial fertilizer—Pounds used in 1894, 1,913,368; cost, \$25,658; pounds bought for 1895, 339,210; cost, \$4,569.

Meadows—Acres in grass other than clover, 1894, 48,801; tons of hay produced in 1894, 60,105.

Clover—Acres grown in 1894, 7,349; tons of hay produced, 10,073; bushels of seed in 1894, 1,202; acres plowed under for manure, 122.

Flax—Acres sown in 1893, 2; bushels of seed in 1894, 13.

Potatoes—Acres planted in

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Stoner, a son.

Mrs. Bert J. Graybill is visiting Cleveland friends.

Miss Ida Evans is visiting friends in Evans City, Pa.

Clarence Lawthers, of Youngstown, was in the city yesterday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Gise, in Cherry street, a daughter.

Miss Mamie Vogt is quite ill at her home in North Hill street.

Mrs. Ray L. Markel and Miss Grace Miller are visiting in Wheeling.

Mrs. Hattery, wife of Dr. Hattery, is visiting her parents near Beach City.

Miss Elsie Wendling, of Park street, is visiting friends and relatives in Akron.

Mrs. John Walker, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Ann Flynn, in Grant street.

Miss Hattie Stowell, of Norwalk, is visiting Mrs. E. R. Worthen and other friends.

Mrs. Olive Rigdon, of Allegheny, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. Olive Poe, in Wisconsin avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. O'Toole are visiting the latter's brother, Jerry Riffe, at Uhrichsville.

Miss Nettie Rees and Miss Frances Dues, of Dover, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. Schworm.

Miss Kate Myers, of Aurora, Ill., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Milo Alden, in West Main street.

Mrs. Schoener, of Hazleton, Pa., has come to spend the summer with her brother, C. T. McDaniel.

Miss Sarah E. Bowman, principal of one of the schools in Chatham, Canada, is spending her vacation with her mother.

The Misses Lizzie and Katharine Feeney, of Norwalk, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Geo. Lambert, in Duncan street.

Complaint is made that the state road just beyond the paved portion of East Main street is covered with stones and in bad condition.

W. H. Stansbury left Monday morning for Beverly, W. Va., in the interest of Russell & Co. Mrs. Stansbury accompanied him.

Miss Tillie Miller will leave Wednesday evening for Idaho, for a two months' visit with her brothers, Henry and Edward Miller.

Miss Avada Rosenbury, of Canal Dover, is spending the week with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Helwig, 45 Cecil street.

Henry Leahy, superintendent of the Krause No. 2 mine, says that that mine would work every day if the W. & L. E. could furnish them with cars.

Mrs. Louis Richter, of Cleveland, has returned home, after visiting relatives in the city. Miss Jennie Baker, a sister, accompanied her to Cleveland.

Miss Maple Garrigues, of Salem, is the guest of Dr. H. B. Garrigues and family, in South Hill street. Miss Garrigues will remain in the city for a week or ten days.

Dr. W. C. Portmann, of Jackson, Minn., after an absence of twelve years, has returned to Stark county, his former home, where he will visit relatives and friends for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ripple, of Valley Junction, Mrs. Williams and son, of Steubenville, and Miss Melbie Volzer, of Canton, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Berg, west of the city.

Mrs. Lilian Garing, wife of Kimball Garing, died this morning of paralysis of the brain. She was 41 years of age. The body will be taken to Wooster for interment.

The Grand Army band will play at Stony Point, Meyer's Lake, on Friday evening. For this occasion a rate of 15 cents for the round trip will be made. A programme of eight numbers has been arranged.

Joseph R. Williams and daughter, Anna, arrived home on Saturday after a two months' sojourn in Wales and other European countries. Both are in the best of health and very glad to be at home again.

E. H. Gill, of Akron, who won third place in the Pittsburgh Press championship bicycle race from Cleveland to Pittsburgh, was formerly a Canal Fulton boy. There were forty entries in the race, eight finishing.

Martin Lippay, the young man, who it was alleged, had been desirous of eloping with Miss Rosa Wilhelm, has returned to town, and on Monday was united in marriage to Miss Anna Walker, Justice Sibila officiating.

The proposition to issue not to exceed \$20,000 of bonds to build a sewage disposal plant for Alliance, carried at the special election held Saturday by the handsome majority of more than 6 to 1. The law requires but a two-thirds majority.

Miss Eva E. Webb, of Cardiff, Wales, is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Evans; also Miss Magdalena Evans, of Cleveland. Miss Webb has been in this country only two weeks, and is now making her first visit in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Corns and Miss Hunt reached home Sunday noon, after their year abroad. Mrs. T. H. Russell and daughters, who have arrived, also, left for Danville, N. Y., and will reach Massillon in about two weeks.

Mrs. Margaret Longenfelt, aged 86 years, died at her home in Weber street this morning, of old age. She was a widow and had several children residing in Massillon. The funeral will be held at St. Mary's church at 8:30 Wednesday morning.

Harry Barnard, the traveling salesman who died at the Hotel Conrad on Monday, will be buried in the Massillon cemetery between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon. The services will be conducted by the Rev. John Herron. Most of the commercial men now in the city and a number of Massillonians will attend.

Mr. Geo. W. Bowman has the pleasure of having her son, Wm. L. Bowman, of Chicago, pay her a visit, after an absence of eight years. He looks well, and has a fine position in the largest wholesale hardware house in Chicago. He has been with this firm seven years, and stands high with his employers.

Some day next week Stephen Boos will embark for his native land, Germany. Mr. Boos, though still a young man, has been absent from his home for fifteen years and he looks forward to the visit with great pleasure. His old home is at Malsch bei Heidelberg, where his parents still reside. He will remain there for a month or two.

An interesting lawsuit has been commenced with the Canton Steel Roofing Company as plaintiff against James M. Schreffler. The point at issue is the bill of expenses contracted by the roofing company's traveling agent, Schreffler. One of his items is \$49.95, for a physician's services. It is claimed that this is not a legitimate expense, and should not be borne by the plaintiffs.

Miss Regina C. Muth, of Massillon, and R. A. Oertel, of Jersey city, N. J., were married in St. John's Evangelical church Wednesday evening at 6:30. Miss Katie Nill was bridesmaid, and Mr. Chas. Frederick, of New York, was the groom's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Oertel will leave for Niagara Falls and Washington, D. C., and from there to New York, where Mr. Oertel is engaged in business.

The members of the Myer's church, two miles southwest of this city, will hold a lawn festival on the evening of Saturday, August 3. Ice cream, cake, lemonade, watermelon, etc., will be served, and a good time is promised all who attend. The proceeds of the festival will be used in the purchase of a bell for the church, and it is hoped that residents of the vicinity will give the enterprise their hearty support.

Karl Fiegenschuh, son of John Fiegenschuh, met with a painful accident on Monday afternoon. He was riding a velocipede down East Main street and veered a horse. The child's right arm was broken near the shoulder and his head was bruised. Dr. Hallock attended to the injuries. Freddie Snyder, son of George Snyder, was standing on the back of the machine, but escaped unhurt.

Applications are still coming into the experiment station for information concerning the chinch bug and the fungus that destroys it, which is being sent out. There are over 400 letters on file already and about 200 boxes of the fungus have been sent throughout the state. There is still immediate danger of the pest in some sections, but most of the work at present is being done to ward off another outbreak of the deadly insect next spring. —Wooster Republican.

The ladies of St. Timothy's church have undertaken a novel enterprise. They are sure to make a success of it, as the demand promises to be great. It is the publishing of a "Cook Book," compiled of recipes tested and true, from the daintiest concoction to the most substantial article of food. As this will be of considerable magnitude, the committee in charge earnestly request that all promised recipes be handed immediately either to Miss Rudestein, Mrs. J. R. Dunn or Mrs. Theo. H. Focke.

The new commander of the Ohio Sons of Veterans, Col. L. Vera Williams, has appointed the following staff: Chief of staff, H. E. Kingsboro, Shelby; surgeon, Dr. A. C. Messenger, Xenia; chaplain, the Rev. T. I. McKee, Cumberland; special aides, Dr. H. C. Houston, Urbana, and S. C. Kilham, Cleveland; inspector, F. W. Hendrix, Springfield; mustering officer, J. N. Devault, Covington; judge advocate, D. Q. Morrow, Hillsboro; adjutant, G. G. Bambauch, Ripley; quartermaster, A. E. B. Stephens, Cincinnati; sergeant major, E. R. Young, Ripley.

About seventy-five friends from Massillon and the country roundabout met at the country home of Louis Bretz, north of town, Sunday, and spent some pleasant afternoon that they organized then and there with Jacob Gise, Jr., president; Peter Bernard, committee of arrangements; and Louis Bretz, cashier. During the afternoon Mr. Gise was called upon for a speech, and delivered one in his usual thrilling manner. Mr. Gise quoted from the classics, and became so fervid in his remarks that the skies wept in sympathy and sent down a cooling flood.

G. Silas Archer writes home from Boston that he arrived there on his wheel after a journey occupying twelve days. His cyclometer showed that he had covered 570 miles. He stopped one day at Chautauqua and Niagara Falls. His route was the same as that taken by the participants in the across country relay race. After leaving Albany he struck Pittsfield, Westfield, Springfield and Worcester. In western Massachusetts he found mountains that seemed to rise straight up, and elsewhere in Massachusetts he found roads on which he made ninety miles a day.

A few months ago Philip Johnson, of Ostello, Custer county, Neb., came to Massillon with credentials from the Custer county relief committee. He succeeded in getting up a car load of provisions which was forwarded to his home. He now writes to his benefactors: "When I arrived home I found two wagon loads of flour and potatoes, which I distributed among forty families. I found that Ike Rineau had sold the rest and pocketed the money. He claimed that he had been obliged to pay \$79 freight charges on the car, which I know is false. There are hundreds of families and little children crying for bread today, and Ike Rineau sold the things that I worked hard to get them."

Invitations were issued Tuesday afternoon as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Everhard request the honor of your presence at the marriage ceremony of their daughter, Ethel.

Mr. Charles Adolf Schmettan, on Tuesday evening, July the thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at seven o'clock, 105 Main street, West, Massillon, Ohio.

Miss Everhard and Mr. Schmettan met a few years ago, while the latter was in Australia, and chanced to take the same steamer for Europe. At that time Mr. Schmettan lived in London. An attachment and engagement followed. Something over a year ago Mr. Schmettan decided to locate in Ohio, and is now practicing law. The honeymoon will be spent abroad.

LIFE IN PATAGONIA.

Mayor Schott Makes Himself a Board of Arbitration.

EVERYBODY FINED AND HAPPY.

Mrs. Jones and Mr. Schimahl Have a Serious Misunderstanding, but After Contributing to the City Treasury They Feel Entirely Satisfied.

The entire Patagonia populace turned out en masse, Tuesday morning, and came down to the mayor's office, where several very important and sensational cases were being tried and in which all good Patagonia citizens should be deeply concerned.

It seems that on last Sunday a portion of the citizens of that vicinity had indulged quite freely in lager beer and other beverages. A few saucy quarrels were the result and which it was decided should be settled in the pugnacious manner so dear to the heart of every law-abiding citizen of Patagonia. While their neighbors were thus amusing themselves, Ella Jones and Frank Schimahl and family, who reside nearby, aired their grievances in words more emphatic than beautiful, and which were the basis of the two cases tried this morning.

According to the testimony of the witnesses, Mrs. Jones and her husband had, in a friendly manner, created considerable noise in their own house over several bottles of beer. Mr. Schimahl had protested against this sort of thing and said that he would make the obstreperous Jones family suffer if they were not more orderly. Mrs. Jones felt that she had been insulted and in a very few minutes she had told Mr. Schimahl just what she thought of him and his family.

Mrs. Jones admits that her remarks were of a very unladylike character, and says that at the time they were uttered she thought them true. Mr. Schimahl responded in a like manner, but finally decided to let Mayor Schott fix up the trouble. So he started out, ostensibly for police headquarters, to have Mrs. Jones arrested for slander. Mrs. Jones thought that she ought to have somebody arrested also, so she stepped up and caught Schimahl by the arm, saying she should accompany him. Mr. Schimahl, being a married man, respected this familiarity, and tore himself from her grasp, the force throwing the Jones woman down; she arose and again placed her arm lovingly about her friend's shoulders. Again Mr. Schimahl objected, and again Mrs. Jones fell down. They then came to the mayor's office, separately, and into the sympathetic ear of Mayor Schott poured their troubles. Mr. Schimahl preferred a charge of slander against Mrs. Jones, and the latter charged Mr. Schimahl with assault and battery.

At the hearing this morning Mayor Schott decided that in the slander case the honors were about even, and fined both parties \$5 and costs, amounting to \$10.50.

Mrs. Jones lost her case also, and was given the costs, which amounted to \$6.50. The mayor then dismissed them, after first admonishing them to conduct themselves in a more orderly manner in the future.

Wheat in Wayne County.

Threshers report in the Wooster Republican, that there will be little money in threshing this year. They say that the product is so small on many farms that it will not pay them to set up their machinery for the job. Getting paid so much per bushel for the wheat threshed, it can be readily seen that where the grain only turns six to twelve bushels per acre there is not much profit or even pay in threshing. We have not heard of any advance in the price of threshing, but understand that the threshermen say they will be forced to make one. A way out of the trouble is suggested by having the farmer haul his wheat to the machine the same as he hauls his apples to the cider press.

Fremont's Celebration.

Fremont will celebrate on August 2d, and fittingly commemorate the gallant victory at Fort Stephenson of Col. George Croghan and his handful of brave soldiers over a tremendously large band of British and Indians, whose numbers were twenty times greater than those of the doughty old colonel. The historical old fort and the solitary cannon used in the terrible slaughter are still interesting sights in Fremont. When the hour of 1 arrives, at the beautiful grounds of the Saunders County Agricultural Society, the third annual race meet of the Fremont Cycling Club will be held. Prizes to the amount of \$800 are offered. At 8 o'clock the Fremont lodge of Elks give their mammoth circus at Jackson park.

A Flattering Offer.

Charles Frederick Thompson announces that within a few weeks he will have again adopted his old business, which won for him the sobriquet "Bonedust." He has received a very flattering offer from his old employers, and Mr. Thompson has about decided to accept. He will be pleased to meet his old customers and promises to pay the same old price for bones of all kinds.

Business continues to improve according to the reports from the three local national banks. The totals under two important heads, shown in a comparative way, are as follows:

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.

July 11, 1895	\$1,001,399
July 11, 1894	\$784,842
July 15, 1894	\$552,002

DEPOSITS.

July 11, 1895	\$1,219,894
May 7, 1895	\$1,229,961
July 11, 1894	\$1,063,161

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chiblaines, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

WILL GO TO CLEVELAND.

W. & L. E. Offices Likely to Be Removed From Toledo.

CLEVELAND, July 24.—It is stated on the best authority that the general offices of the Wheeling & Lake Erie road will be removed to Cleveland before next winter.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie company's present offices are located on the old canal bed in the northern part of Toledo. The company has had continuous trouble in securing privileges from the Toledo city council, it is said, to enable them to do their work to the best advantage and on the adjustment of many matters which have arisen. It is claimed that the Toledo city fathers have taken an antagonistic stand towards the company which has embarrassed it materially.

This is, however, not the primary reason for the removal. The fact that Cleveland is the center of the bituminous coal shipments is the real reason for the change which is soon to take place in the location of the general offices of the railroad. Cleveland is recognized now, and will become more and more so, as the bituminous coal center, especially in the handling of coal for the Northwestern region.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie railway officials, it is said, have long realized that if they hoped to compete with the Pennsylvania company, the Cleveland, Canton & Southern, and the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railways, which already have terminal facilities in this city, they must at least have a line to Cleveland. The recent decision in New York, which allows the Wheeling & Lake Erie company the joint use of the Valley railway's tracks into Cleveland, together with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, gives the former company an entrance into the city, and as soon as the settlement is complete the offices of the company will be removed to this city.

By coming to Cleveland the company secures tonnage to exactly the extent it needs, for the big boats bring down ore and return with coal, and the Wheeling & Lake Erie could secure its share of the business over the railroads which this involves.

SHERMAN BRIGADE REUNION.

The Command Organized by the Ohio Senator to Meet at Wooster.

WOOSTER, July 24.—This city will spend from \$1,500 to \$3,000 in improving the city park and entertaining the Sherman brigade, which will hold its twenty-sixth annual reunion at Wooster on August 13 to 16. Among the prominent visitors to be present are Senators John Sherman and Calvin S. Brice, Asa S. Bushnell, candidate for governor; (G. A. R. Department Commander Charles Townsend, of Akron, and others. The brigade was organized by Senator Sherman, but he never commanded it because his presence was demanded on the floor of congress. It was commanded by Gen. James A. Garfield, Thomas J. Wood, Charles G. Harker, who was killed at the battle of Kennesaw mountain, Ga., June 27, 1864. The cavalry was commanded by Gen. Kilpatrick in the famous march to the sea.

THE COMING RACES.

Cycle Club Committees Appointed Tuesday Night.

The Cycle Club held an important meeting Tuesday night, to discuss the Labor Day meet. It was decided to erect a grand stand for the day. For this purpose the A. M. Wetter circus seats will probably be secured. The Trades Assembly events will begin in the morning and will be over by 2 p. m., when the bicycle races will begin. The admission for the entire day's sport will be 25 cents, ladies and children free. The two organizations will divide the gate receipts. The Cycle Club has appointed the following committees:

Executive—A. H. Coleman, Geo. S. Atwater, Per Lee Howard.
Prizes—E. L. Volkmar, Harry Foltz, Frank Myers, Geo. S. Atwater, Walter Snyder, A. H. Coleman.
Printing—J. O. Garrett, E. L. Volkmar, E. S. Craig.
Racing Events—A. H. Coleman, Jerome Shepley, C. M. Atwater.

NAVAFFE.

Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Wood have returned to their home in Chicago after a pleasant visit with friends here.

The alumni picnic will be held at Lake View Park, Meyer's lake, August 8.

The marriage of Charles C. Bowers to Miss Flora Long took place last week.

Miss Eva Carl spent several days in East Greenville last week.

The Shepley Y. P. C. U. will hold a social at the home of D. L. Brown, east of town, Saturday evening.

Miss Mary Schwartzlow attended quarterly conference at Dundee last Friday.

Mrs. Dieder is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. I. B. Poock.

Mr. Chas. Ferguson has accepted a position at Earlard, O., where he will move shortly.

The Misses Daisy and Grace Gieber, of Canton, are visiting friends here.

Mrs. Oliver and sister, Miss Cooper, have returned after a several weeks' visit with their mother.

The Rev. I. A. Sites has gone on an extended visit to Indiana.

Italian.

Miss Jennie Summers has returned from Ada, where she has been attending school.

Mrs. Nelch, who has been very low for some time, died Sunday morning. Funeral services were held from the English Lutheran church on Tuesday afternoon.

The German Lutheran picnic will be held at Zoar on the 5th day of August.

Camping parties between here and Zoar may be found at very short intervals.

Helwick & Maurer will open a new store in this town in the near future.

Seldon Shaeffer, who has been in the South for the past month, was home over Sunday.

J. M. Evans, who is attending school at Oberlin, is visiting his parents.

On July 31st and August 1st the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railway will sell excursion tickets to Columbus, O., on account of the People's Party State Convention, at one fare for the round trip. The C. A. & C. Ry. is the short and direct line to Columbus from all points in northern and north-eastern Ohio.

WATCH THIEVES ESCAPE

Prisoners Overpower Turnkey Wendling and Escape.

ONE OF THEM IS RECAPTURED.

A Plot Successfully Carried Out in the County Jail Tuesday Night—The Burglars Who Robbed Jeweler Kunz, of Massillon, the Principals.

CANTON, July 24.—Thomas Smith and John Nolan, confined in the county jail awaiting trial for burglary, made a bold dash for liberty last night. Smith was recaptured, but Nolan is still at large. It was about 8 o'clock when, as usual, Turnkey Adam Wendling entered the corridor and locked himself in, preparatory to securing the prisoners in their respective cells for the night. He engaged in a game of cards with Nolan, and while Wendling's attention was thus engaged, Smith dealt him a heavy blow upon the head. Seizing the key, Nolan and Smith unlocked the corridor door and rushed into the street.

The alarm was given and a crowd of citizens gave chase to Smith. Charles Frazer was near, heard the uproar, and, seeing Smith rapidly approaching, drew a revolver and compelled the escaped prisoner to stand until the authorities arrived. Nolan ran in the opposite direction and succeeded in evading his pursuers. Smith and Nolan are the men who were recently bound over from Massillon for robbing the jewelry repair shop of Alfred Kunz. In jail they were regarded as desperate fellows. A number of other prisoners left the corridor, but made no attempt to escape. Mr. Wendling was not seriously injured.

JOURNALISM AND PUGILISM.

The "fighting editor" at Canton is no longer a myth. Trouble began a week ago when Editor Jacob Reigner and the superintendent of the water works undertook to choke each other. Then the Populist editor, Dr. Barnes, and Allen Cook had a set to in one round at the People's party convention. Vinton Porter tried to stop a hook and ladder truck on Monday without success and landed on his back, but he is not really in the fighting editor class. R. S. Hathaway and Councilman Lindsay met on Monday night in bloodthirsty embrace, and the councilman now runs the day. The newspaper reporters who have not yet had personal encounters, are preparing for the wrath to come.

Marriage licenses have been granted to F. E. Schumacher and Minnie Gilmore, of Hurville; R. A. Oertel and Regina K. Muth, of Massillon.

East Greenville.

The Greenville Stars defeated the Whip-or-wills at this place last Saturday by a score of 10 to 0. They have only lost one game this season and that was while playing out of their class, as second nine boys. They are open to play a friendly game of ball with any club whose members are under 16 years of age.

S. S. Evans and wife spent Saturday night and Sunday with friends in Justus.

The festival at the Union church last Saturday night was a success throughout, although slightly interfered with by rain.

Thos. Lewis and family expect to move to Warren, Trumbull county.

A great number of Justus young people attended our festival Saturday night, and some stayed over Sunday with us.

Hiram Walters and family, of Massillon, are visiting at the home of their parents, this week, in this vicinity.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. David Davis has been very ill but is now better.

Coal mines are almost dead in our neighborhood. All idle at present.

Mr. Eaton.

Charles Conrad, of Massillon, was in town Friday.

Elijah Numbers, of Canton, sojourned among his friends here a few days the past week.

Mrs. J. J. Wampler, who has been confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism, is able to be around again.

P. F. Shriver, of Massillon, was in town Saturday looking after the interests of THE INDEPENDENT.

Louis Chatain will leave about October 1 to take up his abode in Holmes county, on a farm just west of Mr. Hope, presented to him by his brother Eugene, of Wooster.

Dr. F. Marshall is able to be around again after a few days confinement to his room.

Mr. and Mrs. Eljah Numbers, of Canton, will move back to this place again in a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson will move into the Haag property next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell and quite a number of their friends, of Massillon, were at the Lucas hotel Saturday evening.

Edward Schlafly, of Beach City, was the guest of his father, J. J. Schlafly, Sunday.

Miss Ida Villard returned home Tuesday, after an extended visit with friends near Beach City.

There will be preaching in the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon, the 24th, at 2:30 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. Werner, of Apple Creek.

THE INDEPENDENT has the largest cir-

Cleveland's BAKING POWDER

Made of pure crystal cream of tartar—a product of the grape and most wholesome. Alum, ammonia and phosphates are cheap substitutes for cream of tartar. No adulteration of any kind in "Cleveland's."

ulation here of any weekly paper that comes here.

Mrs. J. W. Stansbury and two daughters, of Orrville, were in town Thursday, the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graber.

Mrs. Jennie Leard and daughter, Nora, of Schuyler, Colfax county, Neb., are here on a visit, the guests of her father, C. C. Harrold.

NOTES FROM NEWMAN.

People Who Come and Go—Miners and Mining—Mr. Cooney.

NEWMAN, July 24.—Thos. C. Miller has moved part of his effects to Massillon, where he is employed at the bridge works.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allen, of Genoa, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Rummel.

Miss Nellie Murray, of North Lawrence, spent last week with friends in our midst.

Attorney Robert H. Day, of Massillon, while enroute to North Lawrence last Thursday, stopped here just long enough to smile upon his masculine friends.

Constable Frank Ertle, of Massillon, passed through our village last Friday evening, with his "bird safely caged," having captured his prisoner near North Lawrence.

The Rev. John Herron and family, of Massillon's Presbyterian church, made a pastoral call at the home of Mrs. Thos. Masters, last Friday evening.

Miss Melbie Masters went to Youngstown on Tuesday for an extended visit with her friend, Miss Eva Pearce.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordecai Davis spent Sunday at East Greenville, the guests of Mr. and

The Kid of Apache Teju.

By FLORENCE FINCH-KELLY.

(Copyright, 1935, by the Author.)

Baby, my babe,
What's the matter with you?
Out in the world?
Dear little feet,
Where must they wander
Out in the world?
Soft little hands,
What shall they do there
Out in the world?
Baby, my babe,
What fate must you dare
Out in the world?

All around Apache Teju for miles and miles lies the gray, cactus dotted, beat dreary plain. A cold and fascinating, with its placid, tree fringed lakes that are not its barren, jagged, turquoise tinted mountain peaks, born here and there of the horizon and the desert; its whirling, dancing columns of sand that mount to midsky, its lying distances and deceiving levels, its silence and its fierce, white, unclouded sunshine.

And when you draw rein under the cottonwoods at Apache Teju, uncurl the wrinkles of your eyelids in the welcome shade and cool your eyes in the vivid green of the alfalfa field it suddenly comes to you that never before did you understand what blessedness there is in a bit of shadow and a patch of green things growing.

From the spring at the top of the long slope behind the house a line of noble old cottonwoods flings along the acacia halfway down the hill, and there, where the ditch divides, forks in to a spreading double row, which incloses the house and stables and comes together again in a little grove beyond the road, where the two ditches empty into a pond. The house lies there in this circle of trees, a low, whitewashed, flat roofed adobe, rambling along in apparent aimlessness from cozy rooms through sheds and stables, until the whole connecting structure incloses a large corral.

In front of the house is a tiny square of blue grass, bordered by beds of geraniums and larkspurs and hollyhocks, inclosed by a low adobe wall and shaded by a young cottonwood growing in the center. Beyond, on the slope of the hill below the ditch, where its waters can be spread over all the surface, is the rich, velvet emerald of the alfalfa field. And the fame of that little square of grass and of that little field of alfalfa fills all the land from Deming to Silver City and from Separ to the Mimbres.

And that is Apache Teju, one of many southwestern contrivances for the practicing upon animals of cruelty on a tremendous scale, otherwise called cattle ranches. Or rather this is headquarters for the northern half of a ranch that spreads over 7,000 square miles of the arid hills and plains of southern New Mexico, where for hours and hours you may travel toward a horizon swimming in heat, across the gray, hot, quivering levels, broken only by clumps of gay flowered cactus and the blanching bones and sundried hides of cattle—dead of starvation and thirst.

The superintendent's wife and I sat in the tiny grass plot enjoying the balmy breath which in the late afternoon steals over and cools this strange, hot land. Texas Bill had just galloped home from the nearest railroad station with a big package of eastern mail, and the combined attractions of letters, late magazines and a box of New York candy so engrossed us that we did not see the Kid until the gate clicked and he stood before us, asking:

"Is this the double A. quart circ. bar H outfit?"

"The what?" I gasped, looking at the queer little figure in astonishment. He was perhaps a dozen years old, though the slender, childish figure and the experienced looking face belied each other and made guessing difficult. He wore a man's sombrero, old and dirty, which came down to his ears and lopped a wide, unstiffened brim around his face. With tardy recollection of his manners, learned who knows where, he doffed his headgear after he had spoken, and stood there with serious face, but unable to repress a smile that twinkled in his great blue child's eyes at my astonishment. A big rent across one shoulder of his shirt showed a strip of sunburned flesh beneath and sent one sleeve dangling over his hand. His baggy trousers—no, that is not the word, they were "pants"—were held in place by a halter strap buckled tightly about his waist, and his feet were concealed in shoes so much too large for him that his toes were not visible in the mouths gaping at their front ends. And on one foot clanked and jingled the pride and glory of his attire—a huge spur, three inches long, silver plated and brightly polished, and so heavy that that foot dragged as he walked.

He repeated his question, and the superintendent's wife leaned forward, with a laughing aside to me:

"You tenderfoot! Haven't you learned out brand yet?" And to the boy:

"Yes, this is Apache Teju. Do you want to see any one?"

"Boss home yet from Deming?"

"Mr. Williams? I expect him this evening."

The boy threw himself down full length upon the grass and pressed his face against the cool, green blades.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it's pretty fine here, ain't it? That green down there is just out of sight. I heard there was blue grass and alfalfa here, but who'd have thought it would look so nice?"

"Do you want to see Mr. Williams?"

"I guess it ain't necessary," and he sat up again, pressing a handful of grass upon each glowing cheek.

I handed him the candy box, and he helped himself daintily with the tongs, saying, "Thank you, ma'am," with a sidelong glance which let me know that his heart was won to my knowledge from that moment. He put a piece in his mouth, and his face beamed with pleasure.

"This just strikes my gait! Tain't much like Deming candy, is it? I saw

the boss last night in Deming," he added, turning to Mrs. Williams. "You're his wife, ain't you? I thought so, soon as I saw you. He was kidding me about coming out here to be a cowboy, and I told him all right, if he wasn't running a blaze, I'd go him on that. I was to have rode out with him in his baggy, but I was up pretty late last night with the boys, doing the town, and when I got up this morning he was gone. I wasn't going to have him think I'd backed out of the bargain, so I says to the conductor, 'I got a job out at Apache—cowboy—gimme a ride to Whitewater.' And he says, 'All right, jump on you're welcome to a ride on my train whenever you want it.' So I walked over from Whitewater, and I'm ready to go to work tonight if the boss says so. He won't find me no tenderfoot, you hear me."

The naive bravado of the child's speech was irresistible. It won my heart as completely as I had won his, and I straightaway emptied my candy box into his hands. "Oh!" he breathed, looking at the heap of dainties with infantile delight. And then he fell upon them with avidity and did not speak another word until the last one had disappeared down his throat.

So that was how the Kid came to live at Apache Teju. He said his name was Guy Silvestre Raymond. But whether a mother's lips had really bestowed that name upon him, or he had appropriated it to himself out of some blood and thunder romance, whose hero he had decided to imitate, name and all, is one of the things that nobody but the Kid will ever know. But it didn't matter much anyway, for he had always been called Kid, and that name followed him to the ranch, much to his disgust. For he had decided, so he told me one day, that the ladies of the household would call him Guy, and that among the men his name should be "Broncho Bob."

He was a waif of the railroad. All his life had been spent along its line, blacking boots, selling nuts, candy, papers, on the trains or around the depots of the frontier cities and towns. And he had taken care of himself ever since he could remember. He had reached Deming a few days before in a worse but less picturesque state of dilapidation than that in which he presented himself at Apache Teju. After deciding that he would leave the railroad and become a cowboy he had scraped together, in heaven knows what devious ways and by what lucky chances, the apparel of state in which he set forth on his new life.

The next morning there was trouble in the corral. Kid had been directed to mount an old and gentle pony whose meek and humble appearance did not at all agree with his ideas of the sort of steed Broncho Bob should bestride. There was in the corral a black horse called Dynamite, a mettlesome young thing whose one specialty was bucking. And of this it never failed to give a continuous performance from the time a rider mounted its back until he was dislodged. Kid was determined to ride Dynamite, Texas Bill and Red Jack were trying to persuade him out of his notion by telling him how dangerous the horse was and how it once landed Mr. Williams, the best rider on the whole ranch, on top of the horse.

"Suppose he did," blustered the Kid. "He won't land me on top of the horse, nor on top of ground, neither. I tell you, I ain't afraid to fork any horse that ever bucked! I can ride anything that wears hair! You hear me shout? Anything that wears hair!"

"See here, youngster," said Texas Bill in his longest and most indifferent drawl, "I've been rich horses more years than you've been born, and I've tamed more pitchin' horses than you ever saw any other kind, and I ain't a little bit afraid of a pitchin' horse. I'm a whole, big, blazin' lot afraid!"

"What if you are?" retorted Kid. "I don't have to be a coward 'cause you're one!"

Texas Bill's eye glared and his hand jerked toward his hip pocket. Then he granted and walked over to where I was feeding the two angora goats out of my hands.

"If he was a man"—he began in an angry voice, and then broke off. "But I'm not fightin' babies. I thought I'd

him!" And I started for the corral. Madge grasped my skirt with both hands.

"Dynamite won't hurt him! I know he won't!"

"What do you know about it?"

"I know he won't because—don't you tell mamma—I was on him myself one day, and he never bucked a bit!"

"You! How did you dare?"

"I wanted to see if I could, and there was nobody in the corral, and I climbed on his back, and he was just lovely!"

And just then, with Kid astride him, Dynamite pranced and curved down the road. With a beaming face Kid waved his hat at us and galloped off, Dynamite making not even the sign of a desire to buck. After that the boy could not be persuaded to ride any other horse. And as long as Kid bestrode him, Madge, with Kid's connivance and help, surreptitiously mounted him, Dynamite's behavior was perfect. But he worked woe upon any grown man who made the attempt.

The black horse's life was not an easy one under Kid's mastery. The boy never rode at a less pace than a gallop, and even in that dry, hot air Dynamite was always reeking with sweat when they came home.

Just how the Kid put in his time out on the plains was a mystery. The cowboys with whom and for whose assistance he was sent out good naturedly swore that he was not "worth a whoop in hell." If they needed him, he was nowhere in sight, and if they particularly did not want him he was sure to come charging over the plain, straight upon the frightened creatures to the four winds. But mostly, they said, he managed to get lost, which was only their good natured way of putting the fact that he slipped away from them and pursued his own amusements at a sufficient distance not to be disturbed by their need of him.

What he did with himself all day long Mrs. Williams and I one day discovered when we were driving to Whitewater. Out on the plain we saw the Kid yelling like a wild man, with Dynamite at his highest speed, chasing a jack rabbit. That evening I heard him giving Madge a thrilling account of how he had chased a gray wolf, which, after running many miles, had turned on him and viciously leaped at his throat, and how he had made Dynamite jump on the beast and trample its life out. And I recognized in the tale merely Kid's version for Madge's ears of his chase of the jack rabbit.

For by that time he had become, in her eyes, the exemplar of all that is inspiringly bold and daring, and he felt it necessary to keep up his reputation. For her he was a knight of prowess, who could do anything he wished, and against whom nothing could prevail. So he told her wonderful tales of what he had seen and done and been through, and of his daily adventures and brought to her the occasional results of his single handed combats with birds and beasts. He offered to dig up a tarantula's nest for her and to catch and tame for her pleasure a sidewinder rattlesnake, or, if she preferred, a golden oriole or a mockingbird. It didn't make any difference to him whether she chose a rattlesnake or an oriole; whatever she wanted him to do he was ready to attempt. And Madge looked and listened and worshiped, and Kid, basking in the warmth of her adoration, swaggered about in ever increasing pride and importance.

One day, just after he had returned from a two days' trip out on the range, I heard him telling her a bloodcurdling tale of an adventure with a mysterious and villainous-looking Mexican, who, he said, had shot off the end of one of his fingers. Then, the Kid declared, he had made Dynamite rear and strike the Mexican to the ground with his forefeet, and then trample him until he was so dead that he'd never shoot anybody's else fingers off. Madge was filled with horror and admiration and pity and begged to be allowed to see and bind up the mutilated finger. But he refused with superior indifference, clinched his bleeding finger in his fist and said it wasn't anything and didn't hurt anyway. Madge's mother called her away, and straightway there appeared at my door a boy with pale face, quivering lips and tear filled eyes, holding up a bloody hand. I bound up the wound, which was a clean cut chipping off the end of one finger, and he buried his face in my lap and cried. Soothing and cuddling him, for somehow I felt in my heart that that was what the child needed, I asked:

"How did you hurt yourself, Kid?"

"I was making a peg to hang my sad die on, and I chopped my finger with the hatchet."

I said nothing, but soothed and cuddled him the more, and he sobbed at my knee in sheer enjoyment of the luxury of being babied. After that I think the child took occasion to hurt himself upon every possible opportunity in order that he might come to my room to be taken care of and petted and comforted. He left all his swagger and bluster and bravado outside, and I babbled him to his heart's content, feeling sure that it was the first time in all his dozen years that this child's right had come to him. But he did not allow these private seasons of relaxation, which he trusted me not to betray, to interfere with his double character of knight of prowess with Madge and of Broncho Bob with the men.

Excitement did not lack at the ranch whenever the Kid was at home. If he was sent to help with the milking, one of the cows was sure to kick over a full milk pail, knock him over with her hoof, or break loose from her restraining ropes, charge around the corral like a wild beast, and crash through one of the house windows or plunge in at an open door. If he was told to house the geese and chickens for the night, such a commotion ensued as brought the whole household to see if coyotes had broken in to the chicken yard. At sight of him the pet angora goats fled on their swift, lit legs, with a running leap mounted one of the corral sheds, and then sped to

what they had learned was the only place of safety, the roof of the house. And when he was not stirring up the animals he was playing jokes on the cowboys. Holy John, a middle aged, thick witted fellow, who never knew what had happened to him until the rest were roaring with laughter, was the special butt of his tricks.

One evening the boys were sitting around the kitchen drinking quietly, for Kid was off with Madge, helping her bury a dead kitten. Holy John sat in a slouching attitude on the doorstep, his new sombrero, with a stiff, curled brim, tipped far back on his head. Kid came in through the corral and stood in the kitchen for a few minutes. Then he seized the molasses jug and tipping very softly behind Holy John filled the brim of his brand new sombrero with the sticky liquid. It flowed out over his back and down into his trousers, and Holy John lifted a wondering and bewildered face to see his companions breaking into uproarious mirth. Then his long enduring patience was smothered in wrath, and he laid violent hands upon Kid and spanked him before Madge's eyes.

That was too much for knight of prowess tamely to endure, and the boy blustered around in his most vigorous impersonation of the character of Broncho Bob.

"This ranch ain't big enough to hold Holy John and me too. Him or me, one or the other, has sure got to ask for his time, and it won't be me, either, you hear me shout. I'll get him sure buffed, and if he don't pull his freight before he's a day older there'll be the biggest killing here that Apache Teju ever heard of."

It was very quiet the next day at the ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Madge had driven to Silver City, the cowboys were all out on the range, and I kept in my room with some work. After a time I heard a noise at the end of the house, just outside my room, and I went out to see what it was. Kid was there with a pick and shovel, toilsomely digging a hole in the hard adobe soil.

"What are you doing, Kid?"

"Nothing much. Just digging a hole."

"Isn't that where the old Apache chief is buried?"

He looked up with interest. "Is this the place? Do you know right where it is?"

"They told me it is there where you are digging. Those rocks, that you can barely see, outline his grave. Are you going to dig him up?"

"Me? What would I want to dig him up for? I ain't lost no Injun! I'm just digging a hole—for Madge. She wants to plant a tree. What did they bury him here for? Did they kill him here on the ranch?"

"This was a fort once, before there was any ranch here, and there was a war with the Apaches, and they were getting beaten, and so they sent this old chief down to the fort to make terms for them. The commander received him and put him into a tent and set a guard over him. In the night the guard fell asleep, and when he waked he was frightened, so the Indian might have escaped. So he punched into the tent with his bayonet to see if he was still there and hit the

outright. He will have Holy John so terrified that the poor fellow will want his time at once. For John believes everything that is impossible, and he will see ghosts all night long and be afraid of his own shadow in the daytime."

That night, just as morning broke, the whole household was awakened by a loud, piercing yell, followed by another and another, and all rushed from their beds in time to see Holy John leap over the fence and dart down the road, still shrieking as if fiends were after him. And beside his deserted bed under the cottonwoods lay some grisly thing, shivering in the gray light with streaks and patches of white. Kid looked after the flying figure and said, in a tone of extreme satisfaction:

"He's sure buffed!"

Holy John had awakened in the dim, early dawn and found the skeleton of the Apache chief cuddling against him.

That morning, as I sat in the yard reading, the voices of Kid and Madge came to me from around the corner of the house, and I heard a snatch of their conversation.

"Madge, I'm going to pull my freight. I won't work on the same ranch with such a coward as that Holy John."

"Truly, Guy, are you going away?"

"Yes, I am. I ain't going to stop to ask for my time. I'm going today, before the boss comes home."

"Well, then, what am I going to do? You're not going off to leave me?"

Silence for the space of ten seconds.

"Jinny! Tell you what, Madge, you come too!"

"I can't! Mamma wouldn't let me!"

"Don't ask her! Come right along with me! We'll elope, Madge! That's more fun than anything! Girls that is anybody always elopes!"

Then they wandered off to the alfalfa field, and soon I saw them throwing stones at the prairie dogs with which it was infested. So I concluded that what I had heard was merely some of the Kid's bragadoes, and, smiling at the sentimental turn he had taken, I went on with my book and thought no more about it.

But when lunch time came neither Madge nor Kid appeared for the meal. Much calling failed to bring a response. Then I remembered and gave account of the conversation I had heard. It was found that Dynamite was gone from the corral. Evidently the little scapegrace had meant what he said and had carried Madge off. Mrs. Williams ordered the cart and at once we started after the fugitives.

"He has most probably gone toward Deming," she said. "I will send Red Jack to Whitewater to stop them if they are there, but I think we had better drive toward Deming as fast as possible."

About ten miles out we caught sight of the runaways. They were mounted on Dynamite, Madge holding fast behind. Kid was urging the horse furiously back and forth among a flock of carrion crows, and practicing with his lasso upon them as they rose and flapped about in short and heavy flight. They seemed to be having great sport, for Kid was shouting and yelling at the birds, and Madge screaming with laughter at their clumsy efforts to escape. So absorbed were they in their play that they did not see us until we were almost beside them. At first Kid made as if he would start Dynamite off on the gallop, but Mrs. Williams called him sternly, and he turned and trotted back to us, smiling and looking amazingly innocent.

Madge sat still and stared at us with big, frightened eyes, until Mrs. Williams had twice spoken to her, and then she slipped quickly down, to be folded in her mother's arms and sob upon her bosom all the way home. I persuaded the Kid to sit between us in the cart and drive us back, trying Dynamite behind.

"He was awful mad at first," the boy confidently said, "to have to carry double. But I made him sure hump himself right along."

At home we found the superintendent just returned. He gave the Kid a paternal lecture, which probably did him as much good as if it had been in Chinese, and then in cattle ranch parlance gave him his time—paid him to date and discharged him.

And a few minutes later we saw the last of the Kid, as the forlorn little figure, with the wide, flopping sombrero, and the big, dragging spur, walked out of the gate and down the road toward Whitewater, and was soon swallowed in the shimmering heat of the plain.

THE END.

They were mounted on Dynamite, Madge holding fast behind.

chief in the foot. That made him angry, and he came out and killed the guard. The noise roused the soldiers, and they killed the chief, and then they buried him here, inside the stockade, so that the Indians wouldn't suspect that he was dead until they could get re-enforcements."

"The Injun killed the guard, did he? Good enough for him! I wish it had been Holy John!"

He fell to work again with more vigor than ever, but presently he stopped and growled:

"I'd like to run a blaze on that ornery galoot that he'd remember all the rest of his life!"

After awhile I chanced to see Kid carry a bundle done up in a gunny sack down to the alfalfa and hide it among the currant bushes. I noticed that he had carefully filled up again the hole he had been digging, and I asked:

"Aren't you going to plant the tree?"

"No," he replied carelessly. "It wouldn't grow there. The soil's too hard."

The cowboys spread their beds every night under the cottonwoods beside the lower alfalfa and that night we heard them in earnest discussion long after they had gone to bed. Mr. Williams was with them for a short time and came back saying that they were talking about ghosts and that Kid had declared emphatically that the old Apache chief walked at night and that he had been seen and heard him.

"He gave a vivid description," Mr. Williams went on, "of waking up one night and seeing the Indian's skeleton rise up out of the ground and pounce on a soldier who stood near and kill him

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A few days ago a yellow haired personage dropped into THE INDEPENDENT office, and, after the fashion of his kind, asked permission to rummage in the waste basket. This was not at all surprising, for the genus tramp is given to reading newspapers and knows how to get them. This particular tramp, however, seemed to have points of interest, and as he solicited exchanges of a large size, such as might be used as sheets for the bottom of a box car, a conversation ensued. It ended by the offer of the gentleman, who introduced himself as Roy Victor St. John, to reduce his experiences to writing. The rest is his:

I her sit down a tie pile to think over my experience of the last two months on the road, and I fail to find either a pleasant or profitable trip & while looking over my diary I find that my time has been mostly taken up in finding good headed people to supply nature's wants. I find that I left Marion on the 29th day of May and stopped off at Ashland, O., where there was work going on at digging trenches for laying water pipe, & as they did not start until the next Monday morning, took the Ringling Brothers' train & went with them to Greenville, Pennsylvania, & from there back to Kent, O. & Akron, where I looked for work but there was none in sight, so I returned to Ashland & went to work the morning of the 3 of June. It was so hot that the men could not stand it, & after exerting myself for 5 hrs. I got out of the ditch as the contractor drove us so we could not stand it. There were 62 men when we started & at 6 o'clock p. m. there were only 8 men left. I quit Ashland on the 4th, & went to Marion, but got no satisfaction, & went to Bellefontaine, Springfield, Dayton, Delaware, where a man told me to go out in the country as there was lots of work to be had, & being dumb enough to know no better I went out & my reception was very warm as the farmers set their dogs on me & one even went so far as to call a constable, who lived across the pike to have me arrested as a suspicious character. I have almost lost all faith in human nature & may if things keep on getting worse abandon all thought of trying to get work. I finally returned to Delaware on the 11th & went to Shelby & tried the tube works & to Mansfield where I was arrested as a vagrant.

To think of an honest man in jail, as a tramp! I was given 15 days on the stone pile to think over my life's records & to crack stone, but the hammer was too heavy, as a No. 6 hammer is to much for me. I layed it down & waited until night when the Chief of police had me put in a cell on bread & water & asked me the next night would I work I still said no & was put in the dungeon on 1/2 rations of bread & water & left 8 days at the end of that time the venerable Mayor came & talked to me very kind & asked what my business was.

Thereafter answered him that I was a professional tramp & he ordered a patrolman to escort me to the outskirts of town & there he left me but I went back & caught a train & came to Canton, to Gallatin, to Shelby, to Tiffin, to North Baltimore, to Green Springs & an man, the Justice of the peace, told me there was plenty of work & when asked to be told where I could get work he told me anywhere. It was so vague that I started to go there & found my self in Sandusky.

There I found an old friend & also found that a man is a fool that has friends when he is in good luck but he can do all in his power for a friend but when in hard luck his supposed friends are not there & so I got an even colder reception than I would from a stranger.

On the 26th I again set foot on the streets of Tiffin went to work for the North Western Gass Co. at \$1.00 per day & board & lived on bread & bologna for 2 days & 7 hrs then quit & went to town to celebrate the 4th of July the glorious national birthday, & did so with 9 other fellows flint glass blowers, on 4 keys of Lager Beer & we enjoyed it to the fullest as none of us could be called sober. Went to Shelby on the 6th & tried for work on 8th when the tube works opened up no work so to Canton again, to Massillon, to Canall Dover, to New Philadelphia & back to Massillon only to find no work & a fine rain on the 23d; bi taking an other mans advice I went to the new asylum for a job I was nearly drowned and find myself on getting up from my nice soft bed on the hard floor of a box car, with no bed and life not as rosy and sunny as it was in childhood with a mother to look after and advise me.

I do not think people take as much pains as they should with the element called tramps, and if they did there would not be so many or so troublesome. As for my part, I do not know where this life will end, as since November 1893, I have been 2 1/2 of my time on the road. All people do not take the same light of this life as I do, but at the paltry wages paid for the hardest work that a man can do it not only makes a man seem lazy, but it discourages him & makes him think that life is indeed a failure.

ROY VICTOR ST. JOHN.

BICYCLE NOTES.

A crusade has been started in Chicago against the wearing of insufficient apparel by racing wheelmen. Riders in the accepted racing garb are not permitted in the parks. It is insisted that wheelmen have no right to offend modest tastes by appearing in less than a shirt with short arms, and trousers that extend well below the knees.

Two Chicago girls, arrayed like men, have been recovered by their father, Henry Carlston, in a New York restaurant. "I lay this to the bicycle craze," he said. "Both girls insisted on having bicycles, and then got to bloomers. Finally, they have adopted male attire entirely. A month or six weeks ago they left home, intending to visit relatives in Providence. They left there July 2, saying they were going straight home. We received several letters from them, the last being from New York."

WINE OUT OF WATER.

John Batdorf Proves Himself a Man of Talent.

Constable Frank Ertle and Secretary Loeffler, of the workhouse board, succeeded in recapturing John Batdorf, about three miles from North Lawrence, late last week. He was returned to the workhouse. Batdorf was originally sent up for assault and battery, on complaint of Dr. Walker, of Canton. He escaped three times.

Batdorf was wanted on a charge more serious than the offense for which he was convicted. The officials have positive proof that for the past few weeks he has been engaged in selling to farmers and villagers a poisonous concoction labelled "cherry bitters." More than one hundred gallons of this stuff was sold and delivered by Batdorf in and about North Lawrence. He canvassed from house to house, and at each place left a sample of excellent wine, claiming that he would deliver the same in bulk for two dollars a gallon. He took many orders, and in a few days delivered the goods. The purchasers discovered that they had been swindled, and that the fluid was fit for nothing.

When arrested, last night, Batdorf was preparing to manufacture no less than one hundred gallons of the alleged bitters. The fluid consists of nothing more than water and acid, which was colored to represent wine. Batdorf has been doing a land office business of late, and complaints are being made in every quarter. A warrant was issued in Canal Fulton for his arrest, but he managed to evade Marshal Buck.

WORK, WORK, WORK.

Governor McKinley Points a Moral and Adorns a Tale.

"AIN'T GOIN' TO BE NO CORE."

Ohio's Executive Contributes His Views on the Subject of Vacation—He Hasn't Had One for a Long Time—Looking Forward to One Some Day.

Governor McKinley has been asked to furnish his views on the subject of vacations. This is what he will have to say on the subject in Demorest's magazine: "You remember how the small boy who asked another small boy for the core of an apple the latter was eating received the reply, 'There ain't goin' to be no core?' Well, that will give you an idea of where I stand in regard to vacations. With me 'there ain't goin' to be no vacation,' and, furthermore, there hasn't been any for a long time. Others take their summer outings and, of course, enjoy themselves; I stick to my desk through the hot days and work. Perhaps it would be better were it not so; perhaps it would be better for me if I took an occasional vacation; but there is a mountain of work always looming up before me, and I think that, after all, I am best satisfied when I am pitching into it, tunneling it, burrowing it, demolishing it as best I can. When I was a boy I learned a little poem that began: "I have always remembered those first lines, and the duties are always waiting. That is the main reason why I take no vacations. Possibly I owe it to myself to rest more than I do, but I am a believer in hard work; while sometimes an exacting master, it has been a generous one to me. I owe something to work, a some degree of success, which would probably have been denied me if I had worked too ardently vacations and other pleasures.

"Of course I take a summer-day outing occasionally. I like to fish, not that I catch much—my state is not a fisherman's paradise; but it is pleasant to sit on the bank in the shade with the water flowing quietly past, and dream or philosophize if you want to. But some day I intend to take a long vacation, and it will not be passed in Europe, either. My opinion is that our own land contains the means for the gratification of every reasonable pleasure or love of the beautiful in either art or nature. I will view our own marvels before giving my attention to those of foreign countries."

PETTY THIEVING.

Cheap Recalcitry That Needs Running Down.

Some amateur sneak thieves are at work in several parts of town, who steal door bells, porch chairs, hose nozzles, and similar articles, whenever they get a chance. It is believed that many cases are unreported. The following instances have been made known to THE INDEPENDENT: A chair from Mr. Iman's, a chair from J. K. Russell's, A. Crane's door bell, F. W. Adams's door bell, Adam Roof's hose nozzle and connections, Z. T. Baltzy's hose nozzle and connections.

A careful watch might possibly bring these rascals to book. The plunder is probably sold to junk dealers.

BURGARS ABOUT, TOO.

Burglars battered down the back door of the residence of Mrs. Charlotte Hassler, who resides about four miles west of town, on Friday, and entered the house with the intention of looting it. Only a few household articles were taken. The burglars evidently expected to find money or valuables, and upon failing to do so became so enraged that they tore all of the bed covering, mattresses, garments and everything that came in their way to shreds. The burglary took place in broad daylight, while a portion of the family were away visiting, and the other members were working. Mrs. Hassler is a widow and resides with her son-in-law, Harry Hollinger, near the Crystal Spring picnic grounds.

Thieving and robbing have become so rife in this vicinity of late that the farmers are almost afraid to leave their houses unwatched during the day.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DOWN GOES MEAT!

A Big Cut Made By Several Dealers.

OTHERS CONTINUE TO HOLD FIRM.

Fine Cuts of Beef to be Had for a Shilling a Pound—Good Boiling Meat Drops to as Little as Four and Five Cents per Pound.

The retail meat men complain that at present prices there is not a living margin of profit for them. They are at war among themselves and the result is that within a few days the following reductions in prices have been made: Porterhouse and sirloin steak, 15 to 12 1/2 cents; round steak, 12 1/2 to 10 cents; standing rib roast, 12 1/2 to 10 cents; chuck and shoulder steak, 10 to 8 cents; boiling meat, 7 to 4 and 5 cents.

The foregoing was prepared for publication Friday, but was held for further investigation. Inquiry at several markets on East Main street and Erie street elicited the information that no sweeping changes in prices had been made, nor would such change be justified at present. The markets on the outskirts are, however, doing business at the lowered rates. At Henry Stahl's, in Canal street, and Paul's West Main street market, the cut rates were endorsed, and they claimed to be satisfied with them.

Curtis Wade, of the firm of Wade Bros., George List, of List Bros., A. Braun, of East Main street, and Perry Miller, who has charge of S. F. Weller & Bro.'s meat market, were of one opinion, that good, first-class meat cannot be sold at the reduced price and bring a reasonable profit. They say that at the present price their coffers are not overflowing and to reduce it would be to sell at a loss.

Grabber Bros had not a word to say one way or another.

L. G. Stahl, the Canal street butcher, and Paul Bros., of West Main street, who are selling at the reduced price, say that their meat is of a first-class quality and that they are making a good living disposing of it.

THE MAYOR'S COURT.

A Loren Tramps Said to Be "Looking for Work."

Marshal Merkel and Officers Getz and Hollender gathered in twelve burly knights of the road, near the rolling mill, this morning. When arraigned before Mayor Schott, all testified that they were looking for work. The mayor gratified the desires of nine of them by giving them \$25 and costs to be worked out at the usual workhouse rate. Three of them were held pending an investigation of the stories told by them. The latter appeared to be more respectable than the others, and if their stories prove true will be dealt with more leniently.

Edward Waltz was fined one dollar and costs for riding his bicycle on the sidewalk Friday afternoon.

NEWS FROM NEAR BY TOWNS.

HOWENSTEIN AT PRISON RUN.

WILMOT, July 20.—J. W. Howenstein, the man who so willingly spent William Axne's money, and who it was reported had left the country, has been located at Pigeon Run. J. F. Hay, the paper hanger of Beach City, who played amateur detective and succeeded in trapping Howenstein, has not allowed his head to become swelled by his success. He says that he will not adopt thief catching as a profession, but will continue to hang paper as neatly and artistically as ever.

DEATH FROM A RUNAWAY.

GEORGETOWN, July 20.—John Hoise, a farmer of this place, died Friday from the effects of an accident which occurred in the early part of the week. Mr. Hoise was driving a spirited young pony between this place and Doylestown, when the animal became frightened at some object and ran away. Mr. Hoise was thrown from the carriage and had a rib broken. He managed to get home safely, but instead of having his injuries properly attended let them run on until mortification set in, causing his death on Friday. He was 70 years of age.

KILLED NEAR DOYLESTOWN.

DOYLESTOWN, July 20.—Henry Sanbrook, a boy of 19, was killed on Friday in the Mobile mine, by an explosion of fire damp. The miners are deeply concerned and want an investigation.

LABOR DAY SPEAKERS.

NORTH LAWRENCE, July 22.—An interesting programme will be arranged at this place for the celebration of Labor Day. The speakers thus far secured are John H. Williams, Thomas Austin, John P. Jones and W. T. Lewis.

IT WAS A GOOD GAME.

SHARON, July 22.—In a very exciting game of base ball played here on Saturday afternoon, the local team succeeded in defeating the North Lawrence club by a score of 2 to 1.

KICKED BY A HORSE.

WILMOT, July 22.—William Grant, while putting a spirited young colt in its stall Sunday morning, was kicked in the face by it and had his nose broken.

AT CANAL FULTON.

CANAL FULTON, July 22.—The Knights of Labor will hold a social Wednesday night at the home Samuel Buckmaster. The Fulton Stars defeated the Doylestown club, Saturday, 9 to 0.

Union services were held Sunday night at the Reformed church. The Rev. Mr. Dibble of the U. B. church preached.

A CHILD SCALDED.

CANAL FULTON, July 22.—While eating breakfast this morning the 3-year-old son of P. J. Brigham accidentally struck a coffee pot and overturned it. The contents fell over his body and scalded some portions of it so badly that the skin peeled off.

MODEST MR. MAUDRU.

The Expensive Ex-Treasurer Now Asks for Back Pay.

CANTON, July 20.—Joseph Maudru, ex-treasurer of Stark county, began suit today against the board of commissioners of Stark county to recover judgment in the sum of \$915.91. Mr. Maudru claims that during his second term as treasurer he collected delinquent taxes and through mistake paid his fee, 5 per cent., into the treasury. He demanded the same from the commissioners, but payment was refused.

STARK COUNTY SALOONS.

Auditor Loichot finds that \$78,144.17 has been certified to the treasurer, for the year ending the fourth Monday in May, 1896. The total number of saloons in the county is 325. Those located in corporations, together with the amount due each corporation, are as follows: Canton—saloons, 139; city's share, \$10,002.23.

Massillon—saloons, 62; city's share, \$4,339.31.

Alliance—saloons, 36; city's share, \$2,422.55.

Canal Fulton—saloons, 6; city's share, \$437.61.

Navarre—saloons, 1; city's share, \$437.61.

Beach City—saloons, 2; city's share, \$143.54.

Magnolia—saloons, 2; city's share, \$87.78.

Louisville—saloons, 6; city's share, \$380.62.

Oshtaburg—saloons, 2, city's share, \$143.54.

SUED FOR \$50,000.

The W. & L. E. Has a Big Damage Case on Hand.

HARRY McDONALD, PLAINTIFF.

THAT RAILROAD DEAL.

History Leading to the W. & L. E.-Valley Compact.

CLEVELAND, July 19.—By the terms of the agreement just reached, the Baltimore & Ohio company retains full control of the Valley railway. The Valley will take the place in the Baltimore & Ohio system designed for it when the purchase was made six years ago. But the Wheeling & Lake Erie company will obtain by a contract, the details of which the committee are now arranging in New York, full use of the Valley railway tracks into Cleveland and the use of the Valley terminal in this city.

The details of the agreement between the Baltimore & Ohio company and the first bondholders of the Valley railway have not been published, but it is understood that there has been a compromise. The history of the litigation is interesting. The Baltimore & Ohio company finding four years ago that the Valley road was not earning charges, wished to reorganize and thus reduce its fixed charges. There was an issue of \$1,600,000 7 per cent first mortgage bonds, \$1,524,000 6 per cent second bonds, and a floating and miscellaneous indebtedness exceeding \$2,000,000. The Valley Company defaulted on its interest, and the road, at the instance of the Baltimore & Ohio company, was thrown into the hands of a receiver. Foreclosure proceedings were instituted. Then was presented a spectacle somewhat unique in railroad foreclosures, but in this instance perfectly natural and legitimate. The first mortgage bondholders resisted the foreclosure proceedings. Their 7 per cent bonds did not mature until 1906, and were worth considerably more than par, 120 being a common quotation. These bondholders did not care to be paid off at par, and actively resisted the foreclosure suit. The litigation still hangs fire in the United States court in this city.

Until recently the Baltimore & Ohio Company declined steadily to allow more than par for the first bonds. The bondholders have persistently demanded 120. But all the while the property was lying comparatively idle. The Baltimore & Ohio had invested \$300,000 in terminals here, and this capital was lying idle. The bondholders, on the other hand, were under considerable legal expense, and before them were the uncertainties and the delays of law. Prosperous times returning, the Baltimore & Ohio company was more anxious than ever to rehabilitate its property and make it do its best in an earning capacity. It modified its plans, and made a more generous offer to the bondholders. The bondholders, in turn, made a new proposition to the Baltimore & Ohio people, and it is this that has just been accepted at a conference held at New York between the two reorganization committees.

A STORY ABOUT CLEVELAND.

C. M. Miller, of Canton, and What He Has Heard.

J. S. Coxey claims to have direct information of a sensational character, proving that the election of President Cleveland, in 1892, was the result of a bargain between himself and an association of New York bankers, whereby the latter furnished the National Democratic committee with \$1,000,000 in return for an anti-silver policy which Mr. Cleveland has consistently followed. Mr. Coxey claims Congressman Sibley, of Pennsylvania, as his authority. Mr. Sibley furnished the facts to C. M. Miller, a Canton manufacturer, through whom they reached Mr. Coxey.

Mr. Sibley, it seems, is peculiarly intimate with the members of the conference that brought about this deal, and assumed to speak with knowledge born of conviction. He said to Mr. Miller that a poll of the votes completed three weeks before the Presidential election in 1892 by the Bankers' Association of New York city, regardless of party, brought out the fact that the re-election of Harrison was assured, and that the new house of representatives would be strongly Democratic. This phase of affairs did not suit the bankers, who sent a delegation to Mr. Cleveland, told him what they had ascertained, and said to him that if he would agree to certain propositions and to carry out certain legislation, they would put a million dollars into the campaign and bring about his election. The proposed policy, which was agreed to by Mr. Cleveland, embraced three propositions: the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law; the vetoing of and opposition to any silver legislation that would look to free coinage or a larger use of silver; and the issue of gold bonds. Mr. Cleveland consented that the money should be raised on the conditions made, and his subsequent official actions are regarded by Mr. Sibley as proof that he has delivered the goods. Mr. Sibley added that owing to the failure of the friends of silver and paper to unite their forces for 1896, disaster would overtake the republic and he did not believe the country could survive the shock.

If you want a pair of fine boots or shoes, hand made, to order, you can get them at 21 West Main street. Shoes made in all styles, sewed or pegged. Repairing promptly and neatly done. Open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Herman R. Hintz.

Now is the time to subscribe.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

J. W. Howenstein, of Wilmot, Goes Wrong.

TRAPPED BY A DETECTIVE.

Caught in the Act of Robbing His Employer—He Confesses and Effects a Settlement Without Prosecution—He Deserts Home and Family.

WILMOT, July 19.—J. W. Howenstein, a hitherto respected citizen of this place, is missing. Howenstein was employed in the capacity of a teamster by William G. Axne, proprietor of the flooring mill at this place. For several months Mr. Axne has been missing sums of money, but has been unable to apprehend the guilty party. Some time ago he engaged a young man named J. F. Hay, of Beach City, to work on the case. Hay worked diligently and soon became suspicious of Howenstein. On Tuesday he secreted himself in the office and awaited developments. Soon afterwards Howenstein entered and began tampering with the lock of the money drawer. Hay advised his employer of what he had seen, and together they confronted Howenstein. He broke down and confessed to having stolen sums of money at various times and which amounted in all to about \$500. He settled the matter by paying \$300 in cash and giving a mortgage on his property for \$500. He is a widower, but has four grown children, who feel the disgrace keenly. Howenstein was not a drinking man, and what he used the money for is a mystery.

Heart Disease Kills.

Suddenly, but never without warning symptoms, such as Faint, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation of the Heart, Choking Sensations, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, etc.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, Cures Heart Disease.



Mr. Geo. L. Smith of the Geo. L. Smith & Co., Louisville, Ky., writes Feb. 2, 1896: "For about a year I was troubled with heart trouble, and was a great deal of trouble. I had to stop work and was unable to get any sleep. I had to abandon business and could hardly crawl around. My friend, Mr. Julius C. Venable, of our home town, advised me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I had used more than a bottle when the pain ceased and I was entirely restored. I have not had the slightest trouble since, and today I am attending to business as regularly as ever."

Sold by druggists everywhere. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedial Restorative Health

GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

These Who Wish It Can Have Their Money Paid Back. This is What the Merrell Guarantee Means.

Every patient who has taken treatment of Dr. Merrell and assistants during the past month, and are dissatisfied, can, on TUESDAY, AUGUST 6th, have the money returned to them or more medicine furnished free. Every dollar received by the doctors during this month will be placed in the bank and held until Tuesday, August 6th, when it will be drawn out, and those that are dissatisfied can have it returned to them.

An Important Point to be Noted in Your Case.

Those who require medical attention should ask themselves the question, until August 6th, in which to accept this remarkable offer. Does any one else offer to effect a cure in your case or return your money? There are a number of specialists to go to, they will give you some kind of treatment, but if they fail to cure you, they will not return your money. This is a square business-like proposition and should be accepted by every one needing medical treatment. Dr. Merrell and assistants are so sure of their ability to cure Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Brain, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, together with Loss of Power, Private Diseases of Men and Women, and all other private diseases, that they are staking their professional existence upon it and they say to each careless patient that they receive, if we can't cure you, we don't want your money.

No such guarantee has been offered before in the history of advertising and it should not in any way be confused with delusive offers or vaguely worded propositions, called "guarantees" by which the sick have been deceived in the past.

THREE AND FIVE DOLLARS PER MONTH includes all diseases with all medicines furnished free, and in no case will a larger fee be charged until August 6th, after that date the doctors will charge their regular price. This is done for the benefit of the poor and to become quickly acquainted with the Massillon people. The doctors will be at

Hotel Conrad, Massillon, TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

From 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Consultation free. Home office is 13 South Howard street, Akron, O., and 32 Tuscarawas street, Canton, O.

Read what prominent business men of Akron say of Dr. Merrell's ability: We the undersigned, are personally acquainted with the aforesaid Dr. J. W. Merrell and regard him as personally and financially responsible.

L. D. Waters, ex-Mayor. John T. Donahue, Dep. P. M. Fred E. Smith, Cashier 2d Nat. Bank.

S. E. Allen, Druggist and Mfg. Chemist. Young & Wanamaker, Attorneys-at-Law.

E. Steinbacher & Co., Wholesale Druggists. R. T. Dobson, Ed. Democrat. M. and W. Printing Company.

THE LIPPINCOTT GLASS CO., Alexandria, Ind.

Of course you could break one with a hammer, if you hit it hard enough but no one uses a lamp chimney that way. IVORY TOP lamp chimneys are made from the best glass by a patented process and are different from any other kind. You can find them at all progressive stores. Some dealers don't sell them because they last too long. Refuse substitutes.

A look at about lamps sent free.

THE LIPPINCOTT GLASS CO., Alexandria, Ind.

CUTS IN HALF

To the South

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad will sell tickets on dates and under conditions as below mentioned, at ONE SINGLE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, and one-way tickets at about one-half the usual rate.

DATES for the sale of tickets will be June 11, July 5, August 7, September 1 and October 2, 1896. Tickets will be sold for the Regular Trains starting from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and from Stations of our Connecting Lines in the North to connect with those trains. Tickets good to return within 30 days.

POINTS to which tickets will be sold are the principal Cities, Towns and Villages in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

All information cheerfully furnished upon application to

JACKSON SMITH, Div. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O. C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

TAKE THE BEST

CURE THAT

COUGH WITH

SHILOH'S CURE

25cts. per bottle. \$1.00 bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

For Sale by E. S. Craig and G. B. Fulton.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and only Genuine. Sold by all druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Take only the genuine. It cures all kinds of female ailments. It is the best and most reliable. It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

For Sale by E. S. Craig and G. B. Fulton.

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Office Room, - 17 E. Main Street, MASSILLON, O.

Now is the time to subscribe.

